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MEMOIR OF ROBERT RAIKES, ESQ.

(With a Portrait.)

THERE are few individuals who have left behind them a name more secure, or more deserving of immortality, than that of ROBERT RAIKES; nor is there one that will descend to posterity associated with more unfading honors. Howard has acquired deathless renown by visiting hospitals, gaols, and lazarettos; Hanway has secured a niche in the temple of fame by his regard for the outcasts of society; and Fox, as the founder of the Sunday School Society, is enrolled among the philanthropists of his country. A station not less conspicuous, and not less honorable, is assigned to the subject of this memoir, the elevation of whose character has arisen solely from the benevolence of those principles by which he was actuated. Already have the effects of his exertions attracted the attention of his countrymen, and contemporaries throughout the world; and, without the blast of the trumpet, or the roar of cannon, they will command the admiration of future generations, unaccompanied with the groans of the dying, and untarnished with the stains of blood.

Mr. Raikes was born in the city of Gloucester on the 14th of September, 1736; but of his parentage, family connexions, education, and the events of his early years, very little is known. It is, however, but fair to infer, from the wise and generous actions which marked his mature age, that his youth was not wasted in idleness and dissipa-

tion. Having acquired a knowledge of the printing business, and being engaged in trade, this benevolent man, instead of devoting all his time and talents to the acquirement of ease and fortune, directed his attention to the condition of the wretched among his fellow creatures, and exerted himself to mitigate their sufferings, by relieving their necessities.

Actuated by these views and feelings, we learn from the *European Magazine* for 1789, vol. xiv. p. 315, that "The first object which demanded his notice was the miserable state of the county Bridewell, within the city of Gloucester, which being part of the county gaol, the persons committed by the magistrate, out of sessions, for petty offences, associated, through necessity, with felons of the worst description, with little or no means of subsistence from labor; with little, if any, allowance from the county; without either meat, drink, or clothing; dependent, chiefly, on the precarious charity of such as visited the prison, whether brought thither by business, curiosity, or compassion.

"To relieve these miserable and forlorn wretches, and to render their situation supportable at least, Mr. Raikes employed his pen, his influence, and his property, to procure them the necessaries of life; and finding that ignorance was generally the principal cause of those enormi-

ties which brought them to become objects of his notice, he determined, if possible, to procure them some moral and religious instruction. In this he succeeded, by means of bounties and encouragement given to such of the prisoners as were able to read; and these, by being directed to proper books, improved both themselves and their fellow prisoners, and afforded him great encouragement to persevere in the benevolent design. He then procured for them a supply of work, to preclude every excuse and temptation to idleness."

The affinity being thus rendered obvious between vice and ignorance, it was natural for a mind constituted like that of Mr. Raikes, and habituated to serious reflection, to trace this moral malady up to its primitive source. He discovered that, in early life, the education of those whom he found the inmates of gaols had been totally neglected; that no instruction had been imparted to their minds, of the duties which they owed either to their neighbors, or to their God; and, as a natural consequence, he was led to infer, that succeeding generations, if trained up in equal ignorance, would, in all probability, prove equally vicious. On looking around him, he, however, perceived that the children of the poor were engaged in labor at a very tender age, which left them no time to receive instruction during the days devoted to employment, and Sunday appeared to have been interdicted by common consent. The barriers which thus encircled him on every side, left apparently no space in which his benevolence could operate; but its native energy soon discovered an ample field. He saw that Sunday was devoted to wickedness, and very rationally concluded, that if this could be repressed, by teaching the children on that sacred day their duties to God and man, no law, either human or divine, would be violated, and that the community would be amply compensated for the sacrifice of public opinion.

Having reached these conclusions,

Mr. Raikes began to carry his plans into operation towards the close of the year 1781, or in the beginning of 1782. The trial continued nearly one year, towards the termination of which, on finding success attending his enterprise, the following paragraph, which seems to be the first that was ever printed respecting Sunday Schools, was inserted in the *Gloucester Journal* of November 3d, 1783:

"Some of the clergy in different parts of this county, bent upon attempting a reform among the children of the lower class, are establishing Sunday Schools for rendering the Lord's-day subservient to the ends of instruction, which has hitherto been prostituted to bad purposes. Farmers, and other inhabitants of the towns and villages, complain that they receive more injury in their property on the Sabbath, than all the week besides; this in a great measure proceeds from the lawless state of the younger class, who are allowed to run wild on that day, free from every restraint. To remedy this evil, persons duly qualified are employed to instruct those that cannot read; and those that may have learnt to read, are taught the catechism, and conducted to church. By thus keeping their minds engaged, the day passes profitably, and not disagreeably. In those parishes, where this plan has been adopted, we are assured that the behavior of the children is greatly civilized. The barbarous ignorance in which they had before lived, being in some degree dispelled, they begin to give proofs that those persons are mistaken who consider the lower orders of mankind incapable of improvement, and therefore think an attempt to reclaim them impracticable, or at least not worth the trouble."

From the *Gloucester Journal*, the preceding paragraph soon found its way into the London and some provincial papers; and from the novelty of the subject, it excited no small share of public attention. The thunderbolt men of sect and party saw the Sabbath violated, and launched their anathemas against the innovator;

those who could merely read and write, perceived the rights of their castes invaded; while those who snored in aristocratic ignorance, predicted convulsions that would unhinge the civilized world. The more enlightened, however, saw the subject in a very different light. They perceived that it put into the hands of the community a powerful engine, possessing an energy which baffled all calculation, from its obvious capability of being rendered of universal application.

In this state of public feeling, numerous letters were addressed to Mr. Raikes, containing a due proportion of censure, of applause, and of sincere inquiry. Among those who appeared to have been actuated by a spirit of benevolence, was a Colonel Townley, a gentleman of Lancashire, who having seen the anonymous paragraph, addressed a letter to the mayor of Gloucester, requesting all the information he could communicate on a subject which seemed fraught with such momentous consequences. The mayor, on receiving Colonel Townley's letter, immediately handed it to Mr. Raikes, who, in reply, furnished the following interesting particulars respecting the occasion, origin, and character of Sunday Schools:

"Gloucester, Nov. 25, 1783.

"SIR,—My friend, the mayor, has just communicated to me the letter which you have honored him with, inquiring into the nature of the Sunday Schools. The beginning of this scheme was entirely owing to accident. Some business leading me one morning into the suburbs of the city, where the lowest of the people (who are principally employed in the pin-manufactory) chiefly reside, I was struck with concern at seeing a group of children, wretchedly ragged, at play in the street. I asked an inhabitant whether those children belonged to that part of the town, and lamented their misery and idleness. 'Ah! Sir,' said the woman to whom I was speaking, 'could you take a view of this

part of the town on a Sunday, you would be shocked indeed, for then the street is filled with multitudes of these wretches, who, released on that day from employment, spend their time in noise and riot, playing at chuck, and cursing and swearing in a manner so horrid, as to convey to any serious mind an idea of hell rather than any other place. We have a worthy clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Stock,' said she, 'minister of our parish, who has put some of them to school; but upon the Sabbath, they are all given up to follow their inclinations without restraint, as their parents, totally abandoned themselves, have no idea of instilling into the minds of their children principles to which they themselves are entire strangers.'

"This conversation suggested to me, that it would be at least a harmless attempt, if it were productive of no good, should some little plan be formed to check this deplorable profanation of the Sabbath. I then inquired of the woman if there were any decent well-disposed women in the neighborhood, who kept schools for teaching to read. I presently was directed to four. To these I applied, and made an agreement with them, to receive as many children as I should send upon the Sunday, whom they were to instruct in reading, and in the church catechism. For this I engaged to pay them each a shilling for their day's employment. The women seemed pleased with the proposal. I then waited on the clergyman before mentioned, and imparted to him my plan. He was so much satisfied with the idea, that he engaged to lend his assistance, by going round to the schools on a Sunday afternoon, to examine the progress that was made, and to enforce order and decorum among such a set of little heathens.

"This, sir, was the commencement of the plan. It is now about three years since we began, and I could wish you were here to make inquiry into the effect. A woman who lives in a lane where I had fixed a school, told me some time ago that the place

was quite a heaven upon Sundays, compared to what it used to be. The numbers who have learned to read and say their catechism, are so great, that I am astonished at it. Upon the Sunday afternoon the mistresses take their scholars to church, a place into which neither they nor their ancestors ever entered with a view to the glory of God. But what is yet more extraordinary, within this month, these little ragamuffins have, in great numbers, taken it into their heads to frequent the early morning prayers, which are held every morning at the cathedral, at seven o'clock. I believe there were near fifty this morning. They assemble at the house of one of the mistresses, and walk before her to church, two and two, in as much order as a company of soldiers. I am generally at church, and after service they all come round me to make their bow, and, if any animosities have arisen, to make their complaint. The great principle I inculcate is, to be kind and good natured to each other; not to provoke one another; to be dutiful to their parents; not to offend God by cursing and swearing; and such little plain precepts as all may comprehend. As my profession is that of a printer, I have printed a little book, which I give amongst them: and some friends of mine, subscribers to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, sometimes make me a present of a parcel of Bibles, Testaments, &c. which I distribute as rewards to the deserving. The success that has attended this scheme has induced one or two of my friends to adopt the plan, and set up Sunday Schools in other parts of the city, and now a whole parish has taken up the object, so that I flatter myself, in time, the good effects will appear so conspicuous that the plan will be generally adopted.

"The number of children at present engaged on the Sabbath is between two and three hundred, and they are increasing every week, as the benefit is universally seen. I have endeavored to engage the clergy of my acquaintance that reside in their pa-

ishes. One has entered into the scheme with great fervor; and it was in order to excite others to follow the example, that I inserted in my paper the paragraph which I suppose you saw copied into the London papers. I cannot express to you the pleasure I often receive in discovering genius, and innate good dispositions, among this little multitude. It is botanizing in human nature. I have often, too, the satisfaction of receiving thanks from parents, for the reformation they perceive in their children. Often have I given them kind admonitions, which I always do in the mildest and gentlest manner. The going among them, doing them little kindnesses, distributing trifling rewards, and ingratiating myself with them, I hear, have given me an ascendancy greater than I ever could have imagined; for I am told by their mistresses that they are very much afraid of my displeasure. If you ever pass through Gloucester, I shall be happy to pay my respects to you, and to show you the effects of this effort at civilization. If the glory of God be promoted in any, even the smallest degree, society must reap some benefit. If good seed be sown in the mind at an early period of human life, though it shows itself not again for many years, it may please God, at some future period, to cause it to spring up, and to bring forth a plenteous harvest.

"With regard to the rules adopted, I only require that they come to the school on Sunday as clean as possible. Many were at first deterred because they wanted decent clothing; but I could not undertake to supply this defect. I argue, therefore, if you can loiter about, without shoes, and in a ragged coat, you may as well come to school, and learn what may tend to your good, in that garb. I reject none on that footing. All that I require are clean hands, clean face, and the hair combed; if you have no clean shirt, come in that which you have on. The want of decent apparel, at first, kept great numbers at a distance, but they now begin to grow

wiser, and all are pressing to learn. I have had the good luck to procure places for some that were deserving, which has been of great use. You will understand, that these children are from six years old to twelve or fourteen. Boys and girls above this age, who have been totally undisciplined, are generally too refractory for this government. A reformation in society seems to me only practicable by establishing notions of duty, and practical habits of order and decorum, at an early age. But whither am I running? I am ashamed to see how much I have trespassed on your patience; but I thought the most complete idea of Sunday Schools was to be conveyed to you by telling what first suggested the thought. The same sentiments would have arisen in your mind, had they happened to have been called forth, as they were suggested to me.

"I have no doubt that you will find great improvement to be made on this plan. The minds of men have taken great hold on that prejudice that we are to do nothing on the Sabbath-day which may be deemed labor, and therefore we are to be excused from all application of mind as well as body. The rooting out this prejudice is the point I aim at as my favorite object. Our Saviour takes particular pains to manifest that whatever tended to promote the health and happiness of our fellow-creatures, were sacrifices peculiarly acceptable on that day.

"I do not think I have written so long a letter for some years. But you will excuse me; my heart is warm in the cause. I think this is the kind of reformation most requisite in this kingdom. Let our patriots employ themselves in rescuing their countrymen from that despotism which tyrannical passions, and vicious inclinations, exercise over them, and they will find that true liberty and national welfare are more essentially promoted than by any reform in parliament.

"As often as I have attempted to

conclude, some new idea has arisen. This is strange, as I am writing to a person whom I never have, and perhaps never may see; but I have felt that we think alike; I shall therefore only add my ardent wishes that your views of promoting the happiness of society may be attended with every possible success, conscious that your own internal enjoyment will thereby be considerably advanced.—I have the honor to be, sir, yours, &c.

"R. RAIKES."

With the preceding letter, which details with such admirable simplicity the birth and infancy of this noble institution, Colonel Townley was so highly delighted, that at his request it was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1784, by which means the subject of Sunday Schools was brought into public notice, and a knowledge of the methods that had been adopted for their establishment, diffused throughout the kingdom. The publicity thus given to the plan procured for Mr. Raikes a number of applications from various quarters, soliciting further information on the regulations of the institution, to which he most readily furnished suitable replies. From among these the following, though in some respects resembling the preceding, can hardly fail to gratify our readers. It was written in answer to an inquiry from Bradford, in Yorkshire, and is dated Gloucester, June 5, 1784:—

"Having found four persons who had been accustomed to instruct children in reading, I engaged to pay the sum they required for receiving and instructing such children as I should send to them every Sunday. The children were to come soon after ten in the morning, and stay till twelve; they were then to go home, and return at one; and after reading a lesson, they were to be conducted to church. After church they were to be employed in repeating the catechism till half-past five, and then to be dismissed with an injunction to go home without

making a noise, and by no means to play in the street. This was the general outline of the regulation.

"With regard to the parents, I went round to remonstrate with them on the melancholy consequences that must ensue from so fatal a neglect of their children's morals. They alleged that their poverty rendered them incapable of cleaning and clothing their children fit to appear either at school or at church; but this objection was obviated by a remark, that if they were clad in a garb fit to appear in the streets, I should not think it improper for a school calculated to admit the poorest and most neglected. All that I required were clean faces, clean hands, and the hair combed. In other respects they were to come as their circumstances would admit. Many children began to show talents for learning, and a desire to be taught. Little rewards, such as books, combs, shoes, or some articles of apparel, were distributed among the most diligent; this excited an emulation. One or two clergymen gave their assistance, by going round to the schools on the Sunday afternoon, to hear the children in their catechism; this was of great consequence.

"Another clergyman hears them in their catechism once a quarter publicly in the church, and rewards their good behavior with some little gratuity.

"They are frequently admonished to refrain from swearing; and certain boys, who are distinguished by their decent behavior, are appointed to superintend the conduct of the rest, and make report of those that swear, call names, or interrupt the comfort of the other boys in their neighborhood. When quarrels have arisen, the aggressor is compelled to ask pardon, and the offended is enjoined to forgive. The happiness that must arise to all from a kind, good-natured behavior, is often inculcated.

"This mode of treatment has produced a wonderful change in the manners of these little savages. I cannot give a more striking instance than I received the other day from Mr.

Church, a considerable manufacturer of hemp and flax, who employs great numbers of these children. I asked him whether he perceived any alteration in the poor children he employed. — 'Sir,' says he, 'the change could not have been more extraordinary, in my opinion, had they been transformed from the shape of wolves and tigers to that of men. In temper, disposition, and manners, they could hardly be said to differ from the brute creation. But since the establishment of the Sunday Schools, they have seemed anxious to show that they are not the ignorant, illiterate creatures, they were before. When they have seen a superior come, and kindly instruct and admonish them, and sometimes reward their good behavior, they are anxious to gain his friendship and good opinion. They are also become more tractable and obedient, and less quarrelsome and revengeful. In short, I never conceived that a reformation so singular, could have been effected amongst the set of untutored beings I employed.'

"From this little sketch of the reformation which has taken place, there is reason to hope that a general establishment of Sunday Schools would, in time, make some change in the morals of the lower class. At least it might, in some measure, prevent them from growing worse, which at present seems but too apparent.—I am, sir, &c. R. RAIKES."

In 1784 the plan was adopted by several manufacturing towns in Yorkshire; in Leeds, about 1800 poor children were speedily collected. In Stockport a spacious building was completed for the purpose of a Sunday School, 134 feet long, and 57 feet wide. Other places followed these laudable examples, and Sunday Schools soon started up in various districts throughout the kingdom.

Early in 1785 the sensation reached London; and, under the auspices of Mr. William Fox, the Sunday School Society was called into existence at the close of the year. From

that period to the present, these schools have been gradually increasing, and from extending throughout Europe, they have found their way into every quarter of the globe.* In their early stages they had to encounter some formidable opposition; but so apparent has been their utility, that most of their enemies are either become silent, or have been converted into friends.

For nearly thirty years Mr. Raikes lived to witness the growing extension of Sunday Schools, and to reflect with thankfulness on the blessings of Providence, which had thus attended his early endeavors. About three years prior to his death he was visited by the celebrated Joseph Lancaster, who, of that interview, speaks as follows:

"I was naturally desirous of gaining information and instruction from a venerable man of seventy-two, who had in a series of years superintended the education of 3000 children, who had been actively engaged in visiting both the city and the county prisons, whereby he had gained an ample opportunity of knowing if any of the scholars were brought in as prisoners, and who, on appealing to his memory, which, although at an advanced age, was strong and lively, could answer—'NONE.'"

Mr. Lancaster adds, that when Mr. Raikes was first revolving the subject of Sunday Schools in his thoughts, the word *TRY* was so powerfully impressed upon his mind, as to decide him at once to action; and he remarked to Mr. Lancaster—"I can never pass by the spot where the word '*TRY*' came so powerfully into my mind, without lifting up my hands and heart to heaven in gratitude to God, for having put such a thought into my heart."

From 1809 to 1811, the health of

Mr. Raikes was visibly on the decline; and he was occasionally visited with symptoms that indicated an approaching dissolution. On the evening of the 5th of April, 1811, he experienced an oppression on the chest. A physician was immediately called in; but he soon declared that his case was hopeless; and in little more than half an hour he breathed his last, in his native city of Gloucester, in the 75th year of his age. His mortal remains were buried in the ancient church of St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester, and on a monument, subjoined to an epitaph on his parents, the following inscription appears:—

Also, of
ROBERT,
Their Eldest Son,
By whom Sabbath Schools were first instituted
in this Place;
and were also,
By his successful exertion and assiduity,
Recommended to others.
He died on the 5th of April,
In the year { of our Salvation 1811.
 { of his Age 75."

While the names of warriors who have fought for their country, and spread devastation through the territories they have ravished and desolated, are recorded on splendid public monuments, this humble inscription is all that distinguishes the grave of this virtuous philanthropist and friend of mankind. But the most durable monument to the memory of Mr. Raikes, may be found in the numerous Sunday Schools now in active operation; and which in England and Ireland alone contain upwards of a million of children, and above ninety thousand gratuitous teachers; and the best tribute of respect we can render to his memory is, a persevering imitation of the bright example he has set before us and bequeathed to posterity.

* The number of Sabbath Schools in the United States has been estimated at 5,901; teachers, 52,663; scholars, 349,202. With regard to some of these children this is the only means of education with which they are favored; and all of them probably thus receive instruction which they would not otherwise enjoy.

LOVE AND DEATH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

By thy birth, so oft renew'd
From the embers long subdued ;
By the life-gift in thy chain,
Broken links to weave again ;
By thine infinite of woe,
All we know not, all we know ;
If there be what dieth not,
Thine, Affection ! is its lot !

MIGHTY ones, Love and Death !
Ye are the strong in this world of ours,
Ye meet at the banquets, ye strive midst the flow'r—
—Which hath the Conqueror's wreath ?

Thou art the victor, Love !
Thou art the peerless, the crown'd, the free—
The strength of the battle is given to thee,
The spirit from above.

Thou hast look'd on death and smiled !
Thou hast buoy'd up the fragile and reed-like form
Through the tide of the fight, through the rush of the storm,
On field, and flood, and wild.

Thou hast stood on the scaffold alone :
Thou hast watch'd by the wheel through the torturer's hour,
And girt thy soul with a martyr's power,
Till the conflict hath been won.

No—*thou* art the victor, Death !
Thou comest—and where is that which spoke
From the depths of the eye, when the bright soul woke ?
—Gone with the flitting breath !

Thou comest—and what is left
Of all that loved us, to say if aught
Yet loves, yet answers the burning thought
Of the spirit torn and left ?

Silence is where thou art !
Silently thou must kindred meet ;
No glance to cheer, and no voice to greet ;
No bounding of heart to heart !

Boast not thy victory, Death !
It is but as the cloud's o'er the sunbeam's power—
It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and flower,
That slumber, the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign
O'er the look and the voice, which he bids be still :
—But the sleepless thought and the fiery will
Are not for him to chain.

They shall soar his might above !
And so with the root whence affection springs,
Though buried, it is not of mortal things—
Thou art the victor, Love !

SQUIRE FETLOCK.

At the end of a hard day's hunting, Mr. S——, a friend of mine, invited one of his sporting neighbors, Squire Fetlock, to dine with him. Excepting that both were keen sportsmen, would ride you thirty miles to cover and then begin the day's work, and take a ten-foot wall, if it stood in their way, as soon as a quickset hedge, there was not one point of congeniality between them. My friend was a man of elegant learning and refined taste: his neighbor was as coarse as one of his own hop-sacks, and as illiterate as his horse. But fox-hunting, like misery, sometimes brings one acquainted with strange bed-fellows.

We were summoned to coffee in the library. Fetlock looked around him with an air of astonishment. At length he exclaimed—"Well, if ever I did see —! Dash me!—Why, mister —! May I never get across old Hannibal again if ever I did see such a lump of books in my life! Have you read any of them?"

"I can venture to say, Sir, there is not a volume on my shelves which I have not read."

"All!! Uph! Hold her head in, or she'll be off with you. Come, come, not *all*."

"I don't imagine you doubt the truth of what I say, the less so considering there is nothing very extraordinary in what I have asserted."

"No, I don't mean to say there is anything extraordinary in it—Uph!—but it's 'nation curious though, notwithstanding; and dash me if I shouldn't like to have the showing of you at a fair. Folks would give a trifle to have a peep at the man that has read all them books!" And then he again surveyed the shelves with an air of wonder and incredulity.

"I presume then, Sir, you yourself are no great reader?"

"I read! No, thank'ee, I'm not such a fool. I never looked into but

one book in my life, and that was so full of blunders and nonsense that I chucked it into the fire. Besides, of what good would reading be to me, when I have it all by experience! Haven't I been at it since I was a child? I know a horse inside and out. I tell you what: I'll give the best mare in my stud, and that's Rosemary, to any farrier in this county, ay, and the next to boot, that can tell me what I don't know; so why need I read their books about the matter? It may be all very well for your ignoramuses, and it is for such like they are made; but as to giving me 'Every Man his own Farrier' to spell over—Lord bless you!"

"But there are other subjects than——."

"I know it: there is What-do-you-call-him 'On the Diseases of Horses,' and another chap with a book about brood mares, and——But it is downright nonsense; and mark what I tell you, Sir: we had some thorough good ones out with us to-day, and you were not one of the worst!—I say, how cleverly young Foster took that leap at the corner of Salter's paddock!—but that little mare of his will go at anything—and if you are as good a hand in the stable as you are in the field, you don't want much learning, that I can tell you; so do as I did: chuck all your books into the fire: an hour in the stable is worth a month in the library. And yet, books are well enough in their way: the glitter on them makes a room look smart and handsome, doesn't it, Miss?" This question he addressed to one of the young ladies, who, while she was pretending to read, was, in reality, exerting all her ingenuity to suppress a laugh at his extraordinary opinions of the value and utility of literature. He continued: "You remember the little nook, exactly opposite the window in our breakfast-parlor, where I keep my best plated gig-harness, don't

you, Sir? Now I think that as pretty an ornament to a room as need be, and wouldn't disgrace the King's palace; but my good lady thinks otherwise, and says that a few books would be more becoming in an apartment occupied by human beings; so when I can meet with a few, cheap and clean, I'll humor her fancy. The fair sex must be humored now and then, mustn't they, Miss?" And, simultaneously with the utterance of this gallant remark, he threw himself into the attitude of a man on horseback preparing to take a five-bar gate, which he intended for a bow.

"There will be a sale of books at C—y, on Tuesday next," said my friend, "and I dare say you will be able to suit yourself advantageously. I shall attend it, as there is one work in the collection which I have long been anxious to possess, and I intend to purchase it."

"Then, dash me! but I'll go there," exclaimed Fetlock.

It must be remembered that the work in question was a very fine copy of Stuart's "Athens," with early impressions of the plates, and splendidly bound.

The conversation next turned upon the theatre.

"Are you fond of the theatre, Mr. Fetlock?"

"Why, yes; I can't say but I like a good play, and whenever I go to Lunnun I make a point of going, once and away—that's to say if it happens to be something of Shakspeare's. I went the last time I was up, and saw 'Guy Mannering.'"

"But 'Guy Mannering' is not a play of Shakspeare's.*"

"An't it? come, what will you bet of that? I saw 'Macbeth' at the other house the very night before, and there are lots of sawneys in both; that's all I can tell you." And he

gave a knowing wink, which literally translated, meant "Parry that if you can."

"Here is a novel of the same name, upon which the play you saw is founded," said Mr. S—, reaching down the first volume of "Guy Mannering," and putting it into Fetlock's hand; "it is written by Sir Walter Scott."

"Scott?—O—ay—Scott, the chap the King made a knight of. Well, if that wasn't turning the world topsyturvy, dash me! Betitling a man for fooling away his time at such work as this! just what any of us might do if we hadn't something better to think of, and chose to set our wits at it! Now, my notion is—." Here, while thumbing over the leaves with a look of profound contempt, his attention was suddenly attracted by something at the commencement of the volume. He brought it nearer to his eyes, then held it at a greater distance, next took it to the light, then again looked closely at it, as if doubtful whether the passage that struck him was there or not.

"Why, now, dash me!—Well, that is true!—Now where could he have picked that up!—Dash me if I don't think there is something in this chap after all."

"What is it, Sir?"

"You may always tell a gentleman by his horse!" (His attention was caught by this remark of Mrs. McCandlish to the postilion.) "Come, now, that is true, dash me if it isn't. Now, there's a saying for you, sound wind and limb, and without a blemish. If all the book was like that—"

"If you like to read it, you may take it home with you; and when you have finished that volume, the next will be at your service."

"Read it! Why—read it!—and yet I've a great mind to it, too: I see

* The ignorance of Squire Fetlock, upon so obscure a point, will the more readily be pardoned, when I mention that a certain *ci-derant* banker, who was anxious to be considered as in the foremost rank amongst the admirers of the drama, and actually passed a good half of his evening hours at the theatre, once said to me—"You'll think me a very stupid fellow for asking, but one can't remember everything: is 'Venice Preserved' one of Shakspeare's?—or whose?"

at once he is no common chap: that is a clever saying, but as to reading—why—and yet—Come, I've given her her head, and won't baulk her; she shall take it now, rough or smooth, let what may be on the other side. I will read it, dash me if I don't." So saying, he thrust, or rather dug the book into his pocket, with the desperate recklessness of consequences of one who felt that another moment's reflection would deter him altogether from so rash an undertaking.

On the day of the sale, I accompanied my friend to C—y, whither he went with the intention of purchasing Stuart's "Athens." We took our stand immediately opposite to the auctioneer. The books were selling, as he truly said, "dog cheap;" and, judging by the appearance of the persons present, who did not seem of a quality either to appreciate or desire so *récherché* a work, we expected to get it at a very moderate price. At length it was put up; and, after a preparatory flourish from the auctioneer, he, as is usual in such cases, declared himself confident that he was very much within the mark in valuing it at—what certainly was an outrageous price; and, as is also usual in such cases, a dead silence ensued.

"Well, then, shall I say forty guineas for this splendid work!—Twenty!—Ten!—Consider, gentlemen, this most magnificent—" And, after having exhausted all the flowers of auction-room oratory in its praise, he added, with a sigh which seemed to come from the very bottom of his—pulpit, "Well, then, shall I say six?" Here was a pause which, to us, was highly gratifying. "Five," said Mr. S—.

"Five guineas only are bid.—Six! Thank you, Sir."

"Seven," continued my friend.

"Seven," responded the auctioneer; "Eight! Thank you, Sir."

Mr. S— went on in this way, guinea by guinea, till having bid thirteen, and the auctioneer still thanking some viewless antagonist (for we heard no one make the biddings, nor

did we see anybody nod) for an additional guinea, he inquired whether there was any order to buy the lot in at a certain price, as, if so, it would save time to declare it at once. Being assured that it was a sale without reserve, he was led on in the same manner to twenty-three guineas (at which point he determined to stop), where he was met as before. "Twenty-three guineas are bid.—Twenty-four. Thank you, Sir. Twenty-four; going for twenty-four. Gone! Stuart's 'Athens,'" turning to his clerk, "for twenty-four guineas, to Squire Fellock."

We turned round, and, to our astonishment, behind us there stood the identical and unquestionable Squire!

"My dear sir, is it possible you have purchased 'Stuart's Athens?' besides, didn't you perceive that I was bidding for that lot?"

"To be sure I did, and that's why I never lost the scent for a moment. I know nothing about goods of this kind, and as you are a clever hand at them, I was certain I couldn't be very wide of the field by keeping a guinea a-head of you."

"But you have purchased, at an extravagant price, a work which will be utterly useless to you, whilst to me——"

"Useless to me? Not such a fool neither. I don't often buy a pig in a poke. My good lady came to look at them yesterday, and they are the very thing for the nook in the breakfast-parlor."

"But I assure you they are upon a subject about which you are indifferent. Let me have them, and I'll fill your nook with books which shall be equally valuable, and much more entertaining to you."

"Entertaining! Why, Lord love you, you don't suppose I should ever think of reading those big devils—why, they are as big again as the church Bible; besides——"

"For that very reason: and by making the exchange you will oblige me, and in no way be a loser yourself."

"Why now, lookee; this is the first time in my life I ever bought books: if they are worth your money, they must be worth mine; so, at any rate, I haven't made a gaby of myself, as I might have done if you hadn't been here. As to changing them for a pack of your little hop-o'-my-thumbs, no bigger than the one you lent me t'other night—! suppose I should ask you to let me have the mare you rode o' Thursday—and a clever mare she is, and worth a hundred and thirty if she's worth a pound: I say, suppose I should say to you, 'Let me have that mare, Mr. S——, and I'll give you half a score mice-ponies for her.' Why, setting the value out of the question, the thing wouldn't be reasonable, you know. No, no! pray excuse me; besides, I promised my madam to humor her fancy; and, do the thing handsomely or let it alone, is my motto." As the concluding part of this speech was delivered in somewhat of an angry tone, the attempt at negociation was abandoned; and, for anything I know to the contrary, to this day the splendid gilt backs of "Stuart's Athens" constitute the chief ornament of Squire Fetlock's breakfast-parlor.

And here I should take leave of this worthy, but for a point which recalled him to my recollection.

Upon this occasion, as upon some others, subsequently, he was asked how he liked "Guy Mannering," and whethet he had yet done with the first volume; and, indeed, some astonishment had been expressed by the family, at Squire Fetlock's detaining it so long—for several weeks, I believe.

"And how do you like 'Guy Mannering,' Sir?"

"O, a charming book, Sir; a charming book, indeed. 'You may always tell a gentleman by his horse.' It is a charming book. I never fail to take a light canter over it every evening after tea."

"Then, by this time, you must want the second volume."

"No, thankee; you are very kind; but the one I have will do very well for me."

"How! I don't clearly understand you."

"Why, Mr. S——, I don't know whether it may be the same thing with you, but I'll tell you how it is: you see, I sit down and read five or six leaves at night, and the next morning it is all clean out of my head; so that when I go to it again the reading is all fresh, and just the same as new to me; therefore, unless you want the book, it will do as well for me as any other."

MY LANDLADY AND HER LODGERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES," "ANNALS OF THE PARISH," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XV.

As my acquaintance increased in town, my leisure diminished, and I had gradually less and less time to spend at home. Still, as often as I could command an evening, I endeavored to enjoy the company and stories of my Landlady. An accident, however, suddenly placed a little more time at my disposal than was quite agreeable—a bit of orange-peel on the pavement caused me one day to sprain my ankle, by which I was confined to the

house upwards of a week. During that time Mrs. Winsom told me several more of her stories; among others, the following of a Country Captain.

"Soon after the tragical mystery, of which I told you the particulars at our last sederunt, I was sitting by the fire when Babby came into the room with a great slaughter, to tell me that a gentleman wished to look at the first-floor rooms.

"'What like is he, bairn?' said I.

'He's a most weel-far'd, sponsible-looking elderly man,' (he was little mair than fifty, but Babby was young.) 'He speaks wi' a loud voice, as one having authority, and not as the scribes. I dinna think he's under the degree of a bawronet, or at least the master of a Dublin veshel.' So I hastily preent on my dress-mutch—which I was in the act of doing when Babby came in—and went to the gentleman.

"I, who have seen so much of the world—as a second-floor lodger of mine, Lieutenant Spice, used to say, who had been at the four quarters of the world, and was thirteen years aboard ship without sleeping as many nights on shore),—as I was saying, I, who have seen so much of the world, am not easily deceived with appearances. I saw at a glance that Babby was wrong in some particulars. Bawronet he plainly was not, and he was as plainly of another sort than the skipper of a Dublin coal-bark sailing from Ayr. His age was on the more judicious side of fifty. He was as sunburnt and swarthy as a Spaniard; frank, rattling, portly, and good-natured; but he did not leave me long in the conjecturals about him.

"After looking at the rooms, and being satisfied with their convenience, and, what was more pleasantly to the purpose, surprised at the moderation of the rent, he told me that he was a country captain in the East Indies, and commanded a vessel between the island of Bengal and Calcutta, and some of the other islands, of which I do not recollect the names; and then he informed me, with a friendly frankness very unlike a European, that he had made a little money, and had managed to remit a sackful of rupees wi' a vestment of silk and indigo, and that he was still half owner of the Babec Sahib of Calcutta, the ship he had been the captain of.

"He agreed to take possession of his rooms next day; in the meantime he behoved to go to the Jerusalem Coffee-house to meet a friend who had come home three years before, and

with whom he was to spend the day at a snug Bungalow, on a reach of the river below the Isle of Dogs, in a pleasant airy situation between the coal-tar factory and the chain-cable smiddy.

"About mid-day of the day following, as agreed upon, he took possession, and soon after came a waggon from the East India docks, 'with,' as he said, 'what little baggage he would require in town.' The heavy baggage he had shipped in a Leith smack. What quantity there was of it I cannot say; but for light baggage no Christian ever saw sic a collection—kists as big as meal girdles, with brass locks and hinges, and baskets made of cane o' a' sorts and sizes. One of them, that might have held himself, was fu' o' dirty claes; he afterwards gave it to me, for, being made of cane, I thought it better than a close kist to haud claes. Among other curiosities, he had a fine auld kind of Madeira, of which he left me half a dozen bottles; likewise he left me a bottle of Balairic rack, a cordial medicine, which had the taste of ruma pushiont wi' tar.

"He had also a black, or rather a brown, serving-man, in an Indian dress, and a turban like a puddock-stool;—an extraordinary well-bred thing it was, and it aye made a low boo, with its hands on its forehead, not only to me, but to Babby, and the lassock Sally we then had to help, for Babby was but newly come from Scotland, and had not properly learnt the English language.

"After dinner he invited me ben (for he was a home-faring lodger) to taste the fine auld Madeira; and being couthly and pleased, he began to recount to me his adventures. He came from the shire of Ayr, like mysell, and served his time to the sea oot o' Greenock, after which he was shipped for Calcutta, wi' seven-and-thirty young lads from the same kintra side, consigned to Messrs. Warden, M'Fergus, and Co., a' kith or kin to the chief of the concern. The Captain, being the nearest relation of

the whole tot, was soon made third mate of a vessel; and so, by interest and merit, he had risen to the command of the Babec Sahib, and to be master of the lac of rupees.

"He told me that he had no family, but he had two natural daughters by a Hindoo woman, for whom he had well provided; and his plan of life was, after he had taken a cruise in London, to go down to Ayrshire and build a cottage near Ardrossan, which he had heard was a pleasant place, much frequented during the summer by the best of company from Glasgow and Paisley.

"He went out early for the theatre without taking tea, as he wished to see how they came on there, in comparison with the gentlemen who acted at Calcutta. Seeing he was innocent of the ways of London, I admonished him o' the deceits practised by the slight-of-hand part of the audience; but he made light of them, and told me, that the pocket-pickers here were not worth a d—— (ye must not expect me to repeat all the whole word) compared with the thieves and reevers of China; and that though he had made many voyages to Canton, they ne'er were able to come over him.

"Weel, to the playhouse the Captain goes; and as he told me he would be home early, I had a bit of my own Dulap cheese ready toasted for him, with a bottle of Edinburgh ale for daintice. Never was a man, come to so many years of discretion, so comical as he was on his return. The grandeur of the house was above all parabolics; but as for the players, they did not understand their trade at all compared with the Calcutta gentlemen, though he thought one Mr. John Cammell, and a Mrs. Siddons, might pass, too, at Calcutta.

"But, above all, he was most delighted with the civility of the company, especially with a most polite gentleman whom he had met at the pit door, and who warned him of the blackguards who infest that theatre. He told him the names of the players,

and pointed out everything most interesting, from the ladies in the boxes, to the beautiful chandelier, which cost a thousand pounds, in the ceiling. 'I promise myself great pleasure,' said he, 'from this acquaintance, and I have invited him to dine with me to-morrow; but he suddenly left me to join a friend he saw in one of the upper boxes.'

"By this time, as it was wearing late, the Captain thought of going to bed, and feeling for his watch to wind it up, lo and behold it was gone! and away also was his diamond breast-pin! Though I was sorry at his loss, I yet couldna but feel something like a satisfaction that he had found frost in no taking my advice; however, I counselled him to go to Bow-Street and consult the magistrates. I trow he owed me a fee for that advice, for at the cost of no more, as he said, than ten guineas, both his new gold watch and diamond pin were recovered. But, poor man—we ought to be proud of nothing in this world—when the newspapers came in the day after, there was the whole story set forth in a most reprobate manner, under the title of, 'The misfortunes of a wise man of the East, or, doing a flat.' I need not add, that his polite and cee-veelezed frien' never came to dinner—You understand!

"While he was at Bow-Street, a young woman, clothed in the rags of what had once been a silk dress, came into the office. She stated her case to the Magistrate in a most moving manner. She was the widow of an Ensign, who, in consequence of a quarrel with his commanding-officer—a tyrannical character—had been brought to a court-martial, and was deprived of his commission in the Island of St. Kitts, where he immediately after died of the yellow fever, brought on by a broken heart. His brother officers, and other humane gentlemen, raised a subscription and sent her home; but on her landing at Chatham out of a transport, she fell sick, and all her little money was expended, and her clothes sold before she was in a

condition to come to London. The Magistrate was deeply affected by her tale of woe, and giving her a small sum for immediate relief, advised her to memorialeaze the Duke of York.

"Captain Monsoon said he never felt more for a poor creature in his life; but having, since his landing, been taken in before by a pitiful story, he was determined to be more cautious for the future; so, instead of giving her anything in the office, he took her address, and went next morning to the house,—a wretched shell, in a loathsome place,—and there, in a hideous garret, he beheld such a scene of misery and starvation as couldna be equalled. The poor creature was sitting in the midst of seven more than half-naked children, all huddling together to keep themselves warm, and the helpless orphans told him they had not tasted food for two days. His heart was so melted he could stand no more; so he put a five-pound note into their mother's hand, and promised to raise a subscription for her among his friends at the Jerusalem Coffee-house. Nor did he fail in his promise; some days after, having gathered upwards of fifty pounds, he came to me triumphing, saying he would make the widow's heart sing for joy; and he actually persuaded me to put on my pelisse—and I put on my best—to go with him to that house of mourning.

"Well, when we arrived, we could not get up the stairs, there was such a crowd of women assembled round the door, all speaking at once to a decent-looking, short, fatty, elderly man, with a curly brown wig. He was one of the Mendicity Society, come to inquire into the sorrowful tale; and, by putting different things thegither, he discovered that the afflicted madam was a second-hand country play-actress, and that the seven children were beggars' brats, hired by the week, at a shilling a-piece, to make a scene. Did ye ever hear of such limmerhood? But the leddy

was off and away, having eloped with a notour pocket-picker, after she had filled him sou the night before out of the five-pound note.

"It's no possible to describe the kippage the Captain was in at this discovery, nor what he said of the Londoners in general; but he gave me the fifty pounds to distribute in charity, charging me never to mention it, for if it reached the Jerusalem, he would never hear an end o't. And much good did that fifty pounds do to many a straitened Scotch family, who had not proved so fortunate as the generality of our country-folk in London.

"Soon after this another accidence befell the Captain. The Indian lad, his serving-man with the puddock-stool turban, was, along with our Sally, whom he engaged for a house-maid, sent off in a Leith smack, with a letter to his sister, a minister's widow, living in Edinburgh, that they might have a house ready for his reception, he himself intending in the meantime to take a tour by land to see the country, by the mail coach. But his first news was, that as soon as the two landed they got themselves married. How they courted, or how they came to a love-paction, is past my fathoming; for no a word of English, or even of Scotch, could the lad speak; and it was no in nature that Sally could understand Hindoo, or any other dead language.

"But the Captain's tribulations were manifold, and some of them of a comical kind; for after he was so often taken in he grew just desperate, and would scarcely believe the sun was in the firmament on the sunniest day. To me, however, he proved a very worthy and discreet lodger; and I daresay in time, when his Indian vapors were properly evacuated, he sobered down into a good-hearted gentleman, with a competency of common sense, which is more than I can say of all my other Indian acquaintances."

BUTTERFLIES.

THE splendid appearance of the plumage of tropical birds is not superior to what the curious observer may discover in a variety of *Lepidoptera*; and those many-colored eyes, which deck so gorgeously the peacock's tail, are imitated with success in *Vanessa Io*, one of our most common butterflies. "See," exclaims the illustrious Linnaeus, "the large, elegant, painted wings of the butterfly, four in number, covered with small imbricated scales; with these it sustains itself in the air the whole day, rivaling the flight of birds, and the brilliancy of the peacock. Consider this insect through the wonderful progress of its life, how different is the first period of its being from the second, and both from the parent insect. Its changes are an inexplicable enigma to us: we see a green caterpillar, furnished with sixteen feet, creeping, hairy, and feeding upon the leaves of a plant; this is changed into chrysalis, smooth, of a golden lustre, hanging suspended to a fixed point, without feet, and subsisting without food; this insect again undergoes another transformation, acquires wings and six feet, and becomes a variegated white butterfly, living by suction upon the honey of plants. What has nature produced more worthy of our admiration? Such an animal coming upon the stage of the world, and playing its part there under so many different masks! In the egg of the *Papilio*, the epidermis or external integument falling off, a caterpillar is disclosed; the second epidermis drying, and being detached, it is a chrysalis; and the third, a butterfly. It should seem that the ancients were so struck with the transformations of the butterfly, and its revival from a seeming temporary death, as to have considered it an emblem of the soul, the Greek word *psyche* signifying both the soul and a butterfly. This is also confirmed by their allegorical sculptures, in which the butterfly occurs as an emblem of immortality." Swam-

merdam, speaking of the metamorphosis of insects, uses these strong words: "This process is formed in so remarkable a manner in butterflies, that we see therein the resurrection painted before our eyes, and exemplified so as to be examined by our hands." "There is no one," says Paley, "who does not possess some particular train of thought, to which the mind naturally directs itself, when left entirely to its own operations. It is certain too, that the choice of this train of thinking may be directed to different ends, and may appear to be more or less judiciously fixed; but in a moral view, if one train of thinking be more desirable than another, it is that which regards phenomena of nature with a constant reference to a supreme intelligent Author. The works of nature want only to be contemplated. In every portion of them which we can descry, we find attention bestowed upon the minuter objects. Every organized natural body, in the provisions which it contains for its sustenance and propagation, testifies a care, on the part of the Creator, expressly directed to these purposes. We are on all sides surrounded by bodies wonderfully curious, and no less wonderfully diversified." Trifling, therefore, and, perhaps, contemptible, as to the unthinking may seem the study of a butterfly, yet, when we consider the art and mechanism displayed in so minute a structure, the fluids circulating in vessels so small as almost to escape the sight, the beauty of the wings and covering, and the manner in which each part is adapted for its peculiar functions, we cannot but be struck with wonder and admiration, and must feel convinced that the maker of all has bestowed equal skill in every class of animated beings; and also allow with Paley, that "the production of beauty was as much in the Creator's mind in painting a butterfly, as in giving symmetry to the human form."

ON THE CYCLES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART II.

THE first great cycle of English literature may be said to have been completed by Milton; although, at least for another generation after, its peculiar tone was in a great measure preserved by Sir Thomas Browne, Urquhart, and Burton. What we mean is, that these writers have a much greater affinity to the school that preceded them, than to that which arose with Dryden, and was perfected by Pope.

Sir Thomas Browne is certainly one of the most extraordinary authors in our own or any literature. His imagination is like a bird of omen, which loves to linger with the twilight, rejoicing in the coming night and the gathering stars. Nothing appears to have an interest for him save what hath on it the impress of decay. Ruins, mouldering bones, sepulchral urns, half-wasted scrolls, and perishing relics, are the talismans which lend inspiration to his mind. Life, and the living things of earth, are to his eye only a phantasmagorical pageant, passing on to the Nox and Hades, where his thoughts have their hourly abiding-place. His memory is stored with the learning of past ages; but he calls not up the spirit-stirring and beautiful. The picturesque life of Jacob hath no charms for him, save in its end: that his sons mourned for him in the threshing-floor of Atad, and that he was buried in the cave of the field of Machpelah. The career of Moses had for him been uninteresting, save for the mystery which overhangs his departure. Egypt and its hieroglyphics are sacred to his fancy, in being the land of mummies, and in the supposition that the great pyramid is the tomb of Cheops. He cares not for the triumphs of Cæsar or the harangues of Cicero; but sees in Rome only the mausoleum of Metellus, and the ruins of past magnificence. The irruption of the Goths gives him an opportunity of telling

how a river was turned to flow over the bones of Alaric; and Cressy, Agincourt, and Poitiers, fade in grandeur in his estimation before the sepulchral urns dug up near Chiswick, which gave rise to his most eloquent discourse, entitled, "Hydriotaphia."

Burton possesses the learning of Browne without his genius. His "Anatomy of Melancholy" is an amazing monument of human industry, not from its extent, but from the perilous quantity he must have read before elaborating his materials, and arranging them under their proper heads. All knowledge, human and divine, is brought to bear on his favorite subject. He finds hints alike in Homer and in Milton. Historians, poets, philosophers, and philologers, are each brought to pay tribute, either in their writings or their personal histories. Commixed with all this, there is necessarily a vast leaven of pedantry; but it is withal so amusing, that he will long continue to be referred to, not only by the scholar for his boundless extent of classical reference, but by the general reader, for his variety of illustration, and the pleasant tenor of his argumentations. In fact, he was to the dark side of human nature, what Isaac Walton was to the bright. To the one there seemed "death in the pot" in everything. The Protean monster of disease seemed threatening life at every avenue, and the whole effort of existence was not to enjoy life, but to avoid death. To the other, everything seemed to whisper "*Hinc salus*." Health breathed in every gale, and pleasure sank into the soul from all the sounds of nature. With Burton, life was a purgatorial-fast; with Walton, a jocund holiday. Innocent amusement and recreation were in all his thoughts, and the relation of the feelings with which these inspired him, lends a charm to all his pages. Burton muses in his monastic seclusion on all the ills that embitter

existence, and on all the shapes in which the demon of sorrow haunts the soul of man. Walton, under the green trees "fast planted by a river," eats his bread and cheese in the sunshine of a cheerful heart, listens to the birds that

"Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love;"

finds everything to admire in all he sees; reflects his own gentle thoughts on everything around him; and, like Sterne's *Anti-critic*, "is pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore."

Hitherto our literature had been English, and thoroughly imbued with the characteristic qualities of the nation; but a new era was commencing, towards which the contamination of Gallic manners and morality lent their assistance. Shakspeare and Ben Jonson were to be supplanted by Vanburgh, Cibber, and Congreve—and Elizabeth was to find a successor in Charles the Second. The tone of poetry, the tone of national feeling, the tone of public taste, were lowered. The sublime Epic of Milton was about to be forgotten; and some of the tragedies of our great dramatic poet had come to be considered as so barbarous, that Dryden took it in hand to re-model them, and translated his blank verse into rhyming couplets.

Cowley seemed a meteor-star shot from the one era towards the other. His mind was eminently poetical, but he murdered the expression of his ideas by metaphysical affectation. Yet, in his versification there is a wonderful mellifluousness, and many passages in his writings approximate much nearer to Pope than to his immediate predecessors in literature. Dryden, however, was the mighty master who was to effect a revolution in our national taste. He was possessed of learning, profound judgment, vivid imagination, and a fine ear for the modulations of harmony. Butler, in his "*Hudibras*," had brought scholastic knowledge and poignant wit to lend an edge to his satire; to these Dryden added keen sensibility and

overboiling passions; and he exhibited them in all their energy in his matchless satires of Absalom and Achitophel, and of *Macflecknoe*. He therein riots in the luxuriance of his strength—not like a man who has called his enemies forth to the combat, but to trample them under his feet in victorious triumph.

Pope was born early enough to see his great master; and with a taste still more exquisite and refined—if with less majesty of genius—he set about perfecting the edifice, of which Dryden had laid the foundations.

To the revolution of national taste, so distinctly discernible in contrasting the literature of the reign of Queen Anne with that of Elizabeth, many circumstances contributed. The zealous of the Roman Catholic faith had found how much their influence was abridged by the diffusion of literary light; and their whole energies were exerted in preserving their own supremacy over the minds of the vulgar. For nearly a whole century these means had been but too effectual; and during that period, scarcely one bright star dared to show its conceptions amid the impending gloom. The contest between the seraph and the demon had, however, now been brought to an issue, in the discomfiture of the power of darkness. The Protestant faith had triumphed over that of the Roman Catholic, and the zeal which had before vented itself in the mighty struggle found egress and employment in the channels of sectarian disputation. The veto which had been put on poetry and satire was now removed. The passions of the national mind which had found exercise in the great political drama were now allowed to subside; talent of all kind found encouragement; and genius was allowed scope to its divine prerogative without bond or shackle, save those imposed by reason and morality.

In fact, with the glorious revolution of 1688, a new order of things commenced: and the seeds of that true liberty were sown, under whose growth England was destined to be-

come preëminent among the nations. The feudal laws were falling into daily abrogation; and men, like reasonable beings, quietly submitted to the strictest obligations of social order. The skirts of departing chivalry were fading on the view; and the mass of society was to find employment in the sober duties and occupations of domestic life.

With the banishment of the departed order of things, some peculiarities worth preserving were lost—as the American rivers roll particles of gold with their sands down to the ocean. With the increasing wealth of the nation came narrow-mindedness; and the bold, bluff freedom and open-heartedness of English manner were subsiding into the formalities of politesse and decorum. Old customs, handed down from generation to generation, from the days of Alfred, were allowed to fall into disuse; Yule and Christmas were shorn of half their festivities; and young ladies began to think the games of hunt-the-slipper, hot-cockles, and snap-dragon, antiquated and vulgar. As with the mind, so with the person. The same change was observable in dress and in manners, as in the strain of thought and the contour of language. From nature and warm-heartedness, however semibarbarous these attributes may be supposed to be, we were departing to art and luxury. We were becoming what the French were at the time, and what the Greeks and Romans had been before us—a polished nation. Cities increased, and arts and agriculture flourished. The elements of romance were gradually, although imperceptibly, disappearing from the land, and the hills and valleys of Britain becoming a less poetical region.

We learn as much of early national manners, the popular habits of thought and feeling, and the varying fashions of the day, from the writings of Shakspeare alone, as we do of these, in more recent times, from the poetry of Pope and the prose of Addison combined. Pope, indeed, so far as

regards the subject before us, can scarcely be considered in any other light than that of a moral satirist. His sketches are narrative, and possess little or none of the dramatic distinctness of Crabbe. Three-fourths of his poetry is built on the general principles of mind, and stands, therefore, independent of existing manners; while his characters, when he stoops to individualize, are almost invariably either citizens or courtiers. He is the poet of town life. The grand features of external nature had no magic for his imagination. He could not, like Shakspeare, describe an Edgar at Dover Cliff, or have uttered that exclamation in Macbeth—

“Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.”

He had exchanged the Dowsabels of Michael Drayton,

“With features all as fresh above,
As is the grass that grows by Dove,
And blythe as lass of Kent;
Her skin as white as Lempster wool,
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
Or swan that swims in Trent,”

for his Celas and Belindas in their modish dressing-rooms—

“Where piles of pins extend their shining
rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, *billet doux*,”

Yet although in female portraiture Pope is more rich, he cannot be aptly called the poet of woman; or if his title to that claim be allowed, it would be well for us to forget the divine delineations of Fletcher and Shakspeare.

The literary school of Queen Anne's reign was in a great measure formed by the triumph of art over nature. Squares and alleys are substituted for abbeys with their stained oriels, and Gothic castles with their moats and drawbridges. For the warden on the walls, we have the policeman with his lantern; while Polly Peachum succeeds Desdemona. Rural life and country manners were matters which Pope and Swift considered quite below them; and if the former wrote pastorals, it should be remembered that it was when a boy. It was said of

Lord Bacon that he used to walk about his gardens, without his hat, to enjoy the genial freshness of nature in the drops of the rain-shower. Pope would not have ventured abroad on a doubtful day without his umbrella.

The great forte of Pope and his school lay in their acquaintance with, and skilful depicting of, the fashions, follies, and frivolities of polished life. Art with them supersedes nature in subject, style, and language. His imagination never hurries him away on the pinions of inspiration; nor is the music of his verse like that of the old ballad, a simple "melody, that's sweetly played in tune." His taste keeps his fancy in check, and is continually pruning her wing. His versification is labored into mellifluousness. He deals not with the great passions of the human mind—love—jealousy—hatred—remorse—despair—he is all for parlor-window ethics, and the niceties of morale. It is not to be denied, indeed, that in the *Messiah*—the *Windsor Forest*—the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*—and the *Epistle of Abelard to Eloisia*—he touched a more poetical string. In many parts these productions are steeped in the colors of true poetry—we have admirably vivid descriptions of nature, and of the workings of the inward spirit. But with all this, we must adhere to the position, that the physiognomy which objects assume, from the particular point of view in which Pope places them, is deficient in grandeur, elevation, and simplicity; and infinitely less imaginative than it would have been under the pencil of a Spenser, a Milton, or a Shakspeare.

There will be no difficulty in unriddling what we mean, if reference is made to the more labored passages in Pope. His heroes are beaux, battered or unbattered; and his heroines are belles, ditto, ditto. His levee is made up of courtiers, generals, gamblers, artists, and authors. His females are

ladies all dressed out in the pink of fashion, and dispose themselves in knots through the drawing-room,

"Some sipping scandal, and some sipping tea."

From the windows of that drawing-room we have a glimpse of scenery indeed; but it consists of shaven lawns, clipped hedges, and diamonded parterres, beyond which are parks redolent of tame deer, artificial cascades, and Chinese bridges. Pope scouted the idea, that Nature was, like Milton's Eve,

"When unadorned, adorned the most."

We trust that no one will accuse us of prejudice against one of the greatest of English writers—the author of the *Essay on Man*, and the translator of the *Iliad*—or imagine that we have no relish for his beauties, simply because we think them of a less magnificent kind than those of the loftier poets who preceded him. In his own walk, he stands alone; and perhaps it would be as vain to look for another Pope as for another Spenser.

In the first great era of our literature, the writers found materials in the grand and overboiling passions of the soul—the heroic in action, or the tender in feeling. The materials of the second great era may be found admirably summed up in the lines of Cowper.

"Roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald;
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plundered of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and favorite airs,
Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits;
And Katerfelto, with his hair on end,
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread."

In our next paper we will bring down the subject to the commencement of the third grand era of our literary history as a nation, and investigate the causes to which it owed its origin.

TO M. W.

THERE's something in thy lightest mirth
That's like an angel's sadness,
A dim soft pathos overflows
Thy wildest voice of gladness.

I, with a poet's insight, see
How feelings true enhance
The finer impulses that stir
Thy leaf-like elegance.

And, Marg'ret, when I look on thee,
Are swept away the fears
Which whisper beauty is a thing
Of peril and of tears.

For, like a sainted virtue, Thou
Art lifted o'er the day;
God's shadow on thy face is laid
In sanctity for aye.

Mix with the vulgar and the vain,
There's nothing to condemn;
A charm is hung around thee—Thou
Canst ne'er be one of them.

Then go—nor fear to move amidst
Our earth's most tainted air,
Go, like a sea-bird in the gloom,
As fearless and as fair!

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

A WORK has recently appeared in London, under the title of "Forest Scenes and Incidents in the Wilds of North America; being a Diary of a Winter's Route from Halifax to the Canadas, and during four months residence in the Woods on the Borders of Lakes Huron and Simoc. By George Head, Esq." Our principal object in noticing this volume, is to select from it one or two extracts, which, though they must not be considered as fair specimens of provincial society, will at least afford the reader some amusement.

At Fredericton Mr. Head was obliged to make his preparations for a formidable journey on foot over the snow lying in drifts on the bed of the river St. John; for although he had still eighty-three miles sleigh carriage to go as far as Presque Isle, yet Fredericton was the last place of sufficient importance to afford him the necessary supply of snow-shoes, toboggans, and buffalo skins. After the purchase of which he sets out to Presque Isle. At an inn, or rather reception-house on the road, Mr. Head meets with entertainment which he describes, with much humor: the scene in the following passage of domestic infelicity would be worthy of Hogarth, if the dash of caricature in it did not bring it down to the manner of George Cruikshank.

"The house we were now in for

the night was very particularly dirty and comfortless. There were two beds in the room, one for the host, his wife, and four children, (the youngest of which was not more than a few weeks old,) and the other was appropriated to me. The driver and my servant lay on the boards before the stove, which was a Canada one, and too powerful for the size of the room. The heat all night was quite suffocating, though the weather certainly was not warmer than 20 deg. of Fahrenheit. The bed I slept in had green stuff curtains, full of dust; and the sheets were of some soft spongy material which, if clean, at least felt otherwise, and for the first time since I had been in the country, I was tormented with fleas. It was impossible to get a wink of sleep; for, besides my own grievances, there were other causes of disturbance. The child cried incessantly, in spite of all the woman could do to pacify it. It had, I believe, nothing at all the matter with it, but seemed, from sheer forwardness, to imagine that the little world of our miserable apartment was made for itself. Sometimes the good wife sate up in her bed with the little animal hugged up between her chin and her elbows, hushing and rocking herself and it; then she patted its back, and still it cried. Then ten times (I dare say) in the course of the night, out of bed got the poor

husband, and stood for several minutes at the stove, with a pair of lean bare legs, and an extremely short shirt, stirring something in a saucepan with the broken stump of an iron spoon. A picture of obedience and misery ! Then he got into bed again. Then came a long consultation and almost a quarrel, about what was best to be done. Then the grand specific was administered, but all without effect. At last the other children awoke, and the youngest of these began to cry too : and the mother said it was the big one's fault, and beat her. So off she went, and we had a loud concert, till, what with the noise of the children, and the heat, and the dirt, and the fleas, I felt ready to rush out of doors and roll myself in the snow. But everything must have an end, and so at last the children became all tired out, and by degrees grew quiet ; and in the morning I found I had been asleep, and got out of bed determined to be off as soon as I possibly could."

At Presque Isle Mr. Head was entertained at the house of a Mr. T——, on whom he has exercised his talent for sketching. The portrait is curious : in these remote and thinly inhabited countries, if a man has not active duties to perform, in the absence of all claims of society and all motives of excitement he sinks into a state of absolute torpor.

"My host was, I believe, an American,—a tall, withered, thin man, about sixty years of age, with extremely small legs and thighs, narrow shoulders, long back, and as straight as a ramrod. Innumerable short narrow wrinkles, which crossed each other in every direction, covered his face, which was all the same color—as brown as a nut ; and he had a very small mouth, which was drawn in and pursed up at the corners. His eyes were very little, black, keen, and deep set in his head. He hardly ever spoke ; and I do not think, that while I was in his house I ever saw him smile. He was dressed in an old rusty black coat and trowsers, both perfectly threadbare, and glazed about

the collar, cuffs, and knees, with grease ; and he sat always in one posture and in one place,—bolt upright on a hard wooden chair. He seemed to me the picture of a man who, from want of interest in the world, had fallen into a state of apathy ;—and yet that would seem impossible, considering that Mr. T—— was the chief diplomatist in these parts,—the representative of the commissariat department, charged with the duties of supplying the garrison at Presque Isle,—a man of high importance in his station, invested with local authority, and in direct communication and correspondence with the higher powers at Quebec. Notwithstanding all this, the energies of Mr. T——'s body and mind were suffered to lie at rest ; for the garrison consisted of a corporal and four privates, making in all five men, to supply whom with rations was nearly his whole and sole occupation ; and so he had gradually sobered down into the quiet tranquil sort of person I found him. A daughter, a fine, handsome, bouncing girl, under twenty, with sparkling black eyes and an animated countenance, seemed to bear testimony to days gone by, when affairs were somewhat more lively ; but the contrast now was sufficiently striking ; for without regarding her, anybody, or anything, he kept his place and attitude, sitting always close to the stove.

"There was a small square hole in the centre of the door (as there generally is in all Canada stoves), made to open and shut with a slider as occasion requires : this he kept open for a purpose of his own ; for by long practice he had acquired a knack of spitting through this little hole with such unerring certainty, by a particular sort of jerk through his front teeth, that he absolutely never missed his mark. This accomplishment was the more useful to him, as he was in the habit of profusely chewing tobacco,—all the care he seemed to have !—and he opened the door of the stove now and then, to see how the fire was going on."

MARSHAL NEY.

[No apology is requisite for our introduction of the following passage from the life of Marshal Ney, in the last volume of the *Family Library*, entitled "*The Court and Camp of Bonaparte*."]

In the campaign of 1813, Ney faithfully adhered to the falling emperor. At Bautzen, Lutzen, Dresden, he contributed powerfully to the success; but he and Oudinot received a severe check at Dennewitz from the Crown Prince of Sweden. From that hour defeat succeeded defeat; the allies invaded France; and, in spite of the most desperate resistance, triumphantly entered Paris in March, 1814. Ney was one of the three marshals chosen by Napoleon to negotiate with Alexander in behalf of the King of Rome, but the attempt was unsuccessful, and all he could do was to remain a passive spectator of the fall and exile of his chief.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, Ney was more fortunate than many of his brethren: he was entrusted with a high military command, and created a knight of St. Louis, and a peer of France.

But France was now at peace with all the world; and no one of these great military chiefs could be more unprepared for the change than the Prince of Moskwa. He was too old to acquire new habits. For domestic comforts he was little adapted: during the many years of his marriage, he had been unable to pass more than a very few months with his family. Too illiterate to find any resource in books, too rude to be a favorite in society, and too proud to desire that sort of distinction, he was condemned to a solitary and inactive life. The habit of braying death, and of commanding vast bodies of men, had impressed his character with a species of moral grandeur, which raised him far above the puerile observances of the fashionable world. Plain in his manners, and still plainer in his words,

he neither knew, nor wished to know, the art of pleasing courtiers. Of good nature he had indeed a considerable fund, but he showed it, not so much by the endless little attentions of a gentleman, as by scattered acts of princely beneficence. For dissipation he had no taste; his professional cares and duties, which, during twenty-five years, had left him no respite, had engrossed his attention too much to allow room for the passions, vices, or follies of society, to obtain any empire over him. The sobriety of his manners was extreme, even to austerity.

His wife had been reared in the court of Louis XVI., and had adorned that of the emperor. Cultivated in her mind, accomplished in her manners, and elegant in all she said or did, her society was courted on all sides. Her habits were expensive; luxury reigned throughout her apartments, and presided at her board; and to all this display of elegance and pomp of show, the military simplicity, not to say the coarseness, of the marshal, furnished a striking contrast. His good nature offered no other obstacle to the gratification of her wishes than the occasional expression of a fear that his circumstances might be deranged by them. But if he would not oppose, neither could he join in her extravagance. While she was presiding at a numerous and brilliant party of guests, he preferred to remain alone in a distant apartment, where the festive sounds could not reach him. On such occasions he almost always dined alone.

Ney seldom appeared at court. He could neither bow nor flatter, nor could he stoop to kiss even his sovereign's hand without something like self-humiliation. To his princess, on the other hand, the royal smile was as necessary as the light of the sun; and unfortunately for her, she was sometimes disappointed in her efforts to attract it.

Her wounded vanity often beheld an insult in what was probably no more than an inadvertence. In a word she ere long fervently regretted the court in which the great captains had occupied the first rank, and their families shared the almost exclusive favor of the sovereign. She complained to her husband; and he, with a calm smile, advised her never again to expose herself to such mortifications if she really sustained them. But though he could thus rebuke a woman's vanity, the haughty soldier felt his own wounded through hers. To escape from these complaints, and from the monotony of his Parisian existence, he retired to his country-seat, in January, 1815, the very season when people of consideration are most engrossed by the busy scenes of the metropolis. There he led an unfettered life; he gave his mornings to field sports; and the guests he entertained in the evening were such as, from their humble condition, rendered formality useless, and placed him completely at his ease.

It was here that on the 6th of March he was surprised by the arrival of an aide-de-camp from the minister at war, who ordered him, with all possible despatch, to join the sixth division, of which he was the commander, and which was stationed at Besançon. In his anxiety to learn the extent of his instructions, Ney immediately rode to Paris; and there, for the first time, learned the disembarkation of Bonaparte from Elba.

Ney eagerly undertook the commission assigned him of hastening to oppose the invader. In his last interview with Louis his protestations of devotedness to the Bourbons, and his denunciations against Napoleon, were ardent—perhaps they were sincere. Whether he said that Bonaparte *deserved* to be confined in an iron cage, or that he would *bring* him to Paris in one, is not very clear, nor indeed very material. We reluctantly approach the darker shades in the life of this great officer.

On his arrival at Besançon, March 10th, he learned the disaffection of all

the troops hitherto sent against the invader, and perceived that those by whom he was surrounded were not more to be trusted. He was surrounded with loud and incessant cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* Already, at Lyons, two members of the royal family had found all opposition vain; the march of Napoleon was equally peaceful and triumphant. During the night of the 13th, Ney had a secret interview with a courier from his old master; and on the following morning he announced to his troops that the house of Bourbon had ceased to reign—that the emperor was the only ruler France would acknowledge! He then hastened to meet Napoleon, by whom he was received with open arms, and hailed by his undisputed title of Bravest of the Brave.

Ney was soon doomed to suffer the necessary consequence of his crime—bitter and unceasing remorse. His inward reproaches became intolerable: he felt humbled, mortified, for he had lost that noble self-confidence, that inward sense of dignity, that unspeakable and exalted satisfaction, which integrity alone can bestow: the man who would have defied the world in arms, trembled before the new enemy within him; he saw that his virtue, his honor, his peace, and the esteem of the wise and the good, were lost to him forever. In the bitterness of his heart he demanded and obtained permission to retire for a short time into the country. But there he could not regain his self-respect. Of his distress, and we hope of his repentance, no better proof need be required than the reply, which, on his return to Paris, he made to the emperor, who feigned to have believed that he had emigrated: “I *ought* to have done so long ago (said Ney); it is now too late.”

The prospect of approaching hostilities soon roused once more the enthusiasm of this gallant soldier, and made him for awhile less sensible to the gloomy agitation within. From the day of his being ordered to join the army on the frontiers of Flanders,

June 11, his temper was observed to be less unequal, and his eye to have regained its fiery glance.

The story of Waterloo need not be repeated here. We shall only observe, that on no occasion did the Bravest of the Brave exhibit more impetuous though hopeless valor. Five horses were shot under him; his garments were pierced with balls; his whole person was disfigured with blood and mud, yet he would have continued the contest on foot while life remained, had he not been forced from the field by the dense and resistless columns of the fugitives. He returned to the capital, and there witnessed the second imperial abdication, and the capitulation of Paris, before he thought of consulting his safety by flight. Perhaps he hoped that by virtue of the twelfth article of that convention, he should not be disquieted; if so, however, the royal ordinance of July 24th terribly undeceived him. He secreted himself with one of his relatives at the château of Bessaris, department of Lot, in the expectation that he should soon have an opportunity of escaping to the United States. But he was discovered, and in a very singular manner.

In former days Ney had received a rich Egyptian sabre from the hands of the First Consul. There was but another like it known to exist, and that was possessed by Murat. The marshal was carefully secluded both from visitors and domestics, but unluckily this splendid weapon was left on a sofa in the drawing-room. It was perceived, and not a little admired by a visiter, who afterwards described it to a party of friends at Aurillac. One present immediately observed, that, from the description, it must belong to either Ney or Murat. This came to the ears of the prefect, who instantly despatched fourteen gendarmes, and some police agents, to arrest the owner. They surrounded the château; and Ney at once surrendered himself. Perhaps he did not foresee the fatal issue of his trial; some of his friends say that he even

wished it to take place immediately, that he might have an opportunity to contradict a report that Louis had presented him with half a million of francs, on his departure for Besançon.

A council of war, composed of French marshals, was appointed to try him; but they had little inclination to pass sentence on an old companion in arms; and declared their incompetency to try one, who, when he consummated his treason, was a peer of France. Accordingly, by a royal ordinance of November 12th, the Chamber of Peers was directed to take cognizance of the affair. His defence was made to rest by his advocates—first, on the twelfth article of the capitulation, and when this was overruled, on the ground of his no longer being amenable to French laws, since Sarre-Louis, his native town, had recently been dissevered from France. This the prisoner himself overruled: “*I am a Frenchman, (cried Ney,) and I will die a Frenchman!*” The result was that he was found guilty and condemned to death by an immense majority, one hundred and sixty-nine to seventeen. On hearing the sentence read according to usage, he interrupted the enumeration of his titles, by saying: “*Why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney—now a French soldier, and soon a heap of dust?*” His last interview with his lady, who was sincerely attached to him, and with his children, whom he passionately loved, was far more bitter than the punishment he was about to undergo. This heavy trial being over, he was perfectly calm, and spoke of his approaching fate with the utmost unconcern. “*Marshal,*” said one of his sentinels, a poor grenadier, “*you should now think of God. I never faced danger without such preparation.*” “*Do you suppose (answered Ney) that any one need teach me to die?*” But he immediately gave way to better thoughts, and added, “*Comrade, you are right. I will die as becomes a man of honor and a Christian. Send for the curate of St. Sulpice.*”

A little after eight o'clock on the morning of December 7th, the marshal, with a firm step and an air of perfect indifference, descended the steps leading to the court of the Luxembourg, and entered a carriage which conveyed him to the place of execution, outside the garden gates. He alighted, and advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up to despatch him. To an officer, who proposed to blindfold him, he replied—"Are you ignorant that, for twenty-five years, I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He took off his hat, raised it above his head, and cried aloud—"I declare before God and man that I have never betrayed my country: may my death render her happy! *Vive la France!*" He then turned to the men, and, striking his other

hand on his heart, gave the word, "Soldiers—fire!"

Thus, in his forty-seventh year, did the "Bravest of the Brave" expiate one great error, alien from his natural character, and unworthy of the general course of his life. If he was sometimes a stern, he was never an implacable enemy. Ney was sincere, honest, blunt even: so far from flatterer, he often contradicted him on whose nod his fortunes depended. He was, with rare exceptions, merciful to the vanquished; and while so many of his brother marshals dishonored themselves by the most barefaced rapine and extortion, he lived and died poor.

Ney left four sons, two of whom are in the service of his old friend, Bernadotte.

TO A BEE.

Ha! pretty little bee,
Is it you, so blithe and free?
Whither are you wandering,
Thus so gaily on the wing?
To every flower o'erhung with dew,
Whose leaves are blossoming for you;
To the wild-flowers far away,
Bright and beautiful as they;
From each blooming one to sip
Sweets like those of woman's lip.
Oh! happy, happy, happy bee,
Would that her lip were thus as free to me!

Away! away! forever thus
Your airy flight has past from us;
And thou art gone where flowers invite,
A pilgrimage of rich delight:
But come not near the holly-hock;
Let not its blooms thy fancy mock;
Shun its nectaries so fair,
Death is ever lurking there;
On its petals, if you light,
You are lost in endless night;
Shun it as you onward fly!
Drink its poison and you die!
But hie thee to the lavender,
Pretty little pilferer;
Or the lime-tree, in whose breast

You oft sip yourself to rest.
Go, wanderer, to the healthful wild,
Where the enamor'd sunshine mild,
Flings its fond light o'er wood and wold,
More brilliant, because uncontroll'd;
There, in the calyx of the flower,
Thou lovest best at noontide hour,
Prepare the mead, whose luscious draught
The best of former nations quaffed.
Little Rambler, do you know
Why it is we love you so?
It is for the ceaseless hymn
Which you warble, as you swim
Through the odoriferous air,
Light as fairy gossamer;
And 'tis, that you are always gay,
Making life a holiday,
Flying leisurely o'er earth,
A winged miniature of mirth.

When you meet the butterfly,
'Neath the lovely summer sky,
Do you show to him the bower
That contains the sweetest flower?
Or do you take himself to be,
While thus wandering so free,
A floweret floating on the air,
Making all delightful there?

MODERN LOVE.

The sportsman Love, a youth of skill,
Since time began, by all confessed,
For want of nobler game to kill,
An arrow aimed at Florio's breast.

To miss his mark was something new;
He bent his trusty bow again;
Three times his whirring arrow flew;
And thrice the archer shot in vain.

Then at his mother's feet he flung
His well-stored quiver and his bow ;
With sobbing heart and faltering tongue,
Cried, "Take these weapons, useless
now !

"Three times I've aimed at Florio's heart,
And thrice has he my skill defied ;
My blunted shafts still backward start,
While he nor shrinks nor turns aside."

The Queen of Love with fondness smiled ;
"Take up your arms, my son," she cried ;
"I will avenge my darling child,
And punish Florio's stubborn pride."

She strung his bow with auburn hair
That flowed on Cythna's snow-white
neck,
And said, "cheer up,—for sport prepare,
Your arrows now *must* take effect."

He trusted to the magic string,
With steady hand his bow he drew,
Swift through the air, on viewless wing,
The erring weapon harmless flew.

She gave a shaft, dipped in the beam
Of beauteous Mary's bright black eye ;
"This must be fatal, as the gleam
Of lightning darting from the sky."

Still dauntless, he received the shock,
His indurated heart unmoved ;
A feather on the flinty rock
Had just as formidable proved.

"Take this," she cried, "'twill vengeance
wreak,
Its feathered wing with crimson glows ;
It is a blush from Laura's cheek,
And sweet as morning's dewy rose."

It struck his adamantine form,—
He fearless grasp'd it in his hand ;
Then glanced a look of haughty scorn,
And flung it shivered on the sand.

An arrow, winged with sparkling wit,
With keenness cleft the yielding air,
And Florio's naked bosom hit,
But failed to make impression there.

Each charm that e'er in woman shone,
Each virtue that adorns the mind,
Was hurled against that heart of stone ;
Yet none—not one—could entrance
find.

The archer had his quiver strained
Against a bosom stern and cold ;
One arrow only now remained,—
He tipped its gleaming point with gold.

With feeble arm and careless aim
He recklessly launched the gilded dart ;
It shook the clod-pole's trembling frame,
And deeply quivered in his heart.

"No more, my son, disgrace your arms !"
The Queen of Beauty cried, and frown'd ;
"What boots the loveliest female charms,
Since gold alone has power to wound ?"

POETRY AND POETS.

THAT verse is not poetry we have abundant evidence daily ; and that poetry of a very high order may be written in prose, is a proposition which it is scarcely needful to back by the authority of Wordsworth, or the example of Jeremy Tailor. The metrical arrangement of words, however, is so pleasurable in itself, and has so close an affinity with the other elements of poetical enjoyment, that it may fairly be required of the professed poet ; and we place it first because it is the most mechanical, and stands at the bottom of an ascending scale of qualities. Whether in prose or verse, a sentence should be grammatically constructed and convey a distinct meaning to the understanding ; but when it is also rendered harmonious to the ear—when it gratifies the musical sense, there is a clear gain of so

much pleasure. The man who makes a flowing verse benefits the world by the aggregate of all the enjoyment which the organs of speech and hearing receive in repeating it, and in listening to its repetition. The poet must not stop here. He is but at the very threshold of the temple. The eye is a far nobler inlet of pleasure than the ear. He must be a painter as well as a musician. He must give us pictures. The actual sight of lovely forms and coloring is beyond his art ; but he must stimulate us to their mental reproduction, and that in new and becoming combinations. His words should be such as are associated with the most common and most vivid recollections of those external objects whose presence most gratifies the senses. This end is not best gained by labored and minute description. It

rather requires a felicitous selection of expressions. There is a yet higher source of pleasure in sympathy, emotion, passion. The poet's melody, like the musician's, should express, recall, or excite a sentiment. The poet's sketch, as well as the painter's, should touch the heart; penetrating thither through the imagination as that does through the sight. A great master of the art can play upon the nervous system, and produce and control its vibrations, as easily as the well-practised performer can try the compass and power of a musical instrument, and with a produce of enjoyment, which seems a combination of animal and intellectual, not easily calculated. Then a poem, however short, should be a narrative, or a drama, and have something of that sort of interest, and consequently of pleasure, which we experience in being conducted through a train of events to a catastrophe, in which, whether joyous or mournful, the mind rests as in the close of that portion of Nature's annals. By dramatic we do not mean that the poet should have recourse to personæ and dialogue; but he should at least employ those defined and contrasted feelings which will, in very narrow space, shadow forth the strivings of the external and literal drama; and his narrative will be not the less efficient for not being the current of outward circumstances, but that of the phantoms which are ever passing in long procession through the brain. And over the whole, to crown the work, there should be the charm of "divine philosophy;" truth should be there in the wildest fictions, and wisdom in the gayest sportings: the whole should be based

upon a profound knowledge of human nature, its constitution and history, its strength and weaknesses, its capabilities and its destiny; and where there is this science of man in the poet's mind, its existence will be ever felt; it will breathe a pervading spirit of power into his compositions,—of power which is yielded to with a sort of solemn gladness—which almost identifies poetical with religious inspiration, raises the pleasure of fanciful reveries into the delight of holy musings, and makes us worshipers in that "metropolitan temple" which God hath built and sanctified to himself "in the hearts of mighty poets."

Our standard of excellence in poetry is, then, a very high one, and we have a corresponding estimate of its worth as a means of enjoyment. It is an essence distilled from the fine arts and liberal sciences; nectar for the gods. It tasks the senses, the fancy, the feelings, and the intellect, and employs the best powers of all in one rich ministry of pleasure. It must be by a rare felicity, that the requisite qualities for its production are found in a man; and when they are, we should make much of him—he is a treasure to the world. He does that immediately which other benefactors of mankind only expect to accomplish in the remote consequences of their exertions. The legislator proposes to increase men's happiness, by his enactments, in the course of years. The philosopher will advance it by his speculations in the lapse of generations. The divine promises it in the world to come. But the poet seizes upon the soul at once and "laps it in Elysium."

HINTS ON FEMALE DRESS.

BY A LADY.

A WOMAN of principle and prudence must be consistent in the style and quality of her attire; she must be careful that her expenditure does not exceed the limits of her allowance; she must be aware, that it is not the

girl who lavishes the most money on her apparel that is the best arrayed. Frequent instances have I known, where young women, with a little good taste, ingenuity, and economy, have maintained a much better ap-

pearance than ladies of three times their fortune. No treasury is large enough to supply indiscriminate profusion; and scarcely any purse is too scanty for the uses of life, when managed by a careful hand. Few are the situations in which a woman can be placed, whether she be married or single, where some attention to thrift is not expected. High rank requires adequate means to support its consequence—ostentatious wealth, a superabundance to maintain its domineering pretensions; and the middle class, when virtue is its companion, looks to economy to allow it to throw its mite into the lap of charity.

Hence we see, that hardly any woman, however related, can have a right to independent, uncontrolled expenditure; and that, to do her duty in every sense of the word, she must learn to understand and exercise the graces of economy. This quality will be a gem in her husband's eyes; for, though most of the money-getting sex like to see their wives well dressed, yet, trust me, my fair friends, they would rather owe that pleasure to your taste than to their pockets!

Costliness being, then, no essential principle in real elegance, I shall proceed to give you a few hints on what are the distinguishing circumstances of a well ordered toilet.

As the beauty of form and complexion is different in different women, and is still more varied, according to the ages of the fair subjects of investigation; so the styles in dress, while simplicity is the soul of all, must assume a character corresponding with the wearer.

The seasons of life should be arrayed like those of the year. In the spring of youth, when all is lovely and gay, then, as the soft green, sparkling in freshness, bedecks the earth; so, light and transparent robes of tender colors should adorn the limbs of the young beauty. If she be of the Hebe form, warm weather should find her veiled in fine muslin, lawn, gauzes, and other lucid materials. To suit the character of her figure, and to ac-

cord with the prevailing mode, and just taste together, her morning robes should be of a length sufficiently circumscribed not to impede her walking; but on no account must they be too short; for, when any design is betrayed of showing the foot or ankle, the idea of beauty is lost in that of the wearer's odious indelicacy. On the reverse, when no show of vanity is apparent in the dress—when the lightly flowing drapery, by unsought accident, discovers the pretty buskined foot or taper ankle, a sense of virgin timidity, and of exquisite loveliness together, strikes upon the senses; and Admiration, with a tender sigh, softly whispers, "The most resistless charm is modesty!"

In Thomson's exquisite portrait of Lavinia, the prominent feature is modesty. "She was beauty's self," indeed, but then she was "thoughtless of beauty;" and though her eyes were sparkling, "bashful modesty" directed them

"Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers."

The morning robe should cover the arms and the bosom, nay even the neck. And if it be made tight to the shape, every symmetrical line is discovered with a grace so decent, that vestals, without a blush, might adopt the chaste apparel. This simple garb leaves to beauty all her empire; no furbelows, no heavy ornaments, load the figure, warp the outlines, and distract the attention. All is light, easy, and elegant; and the lovely wearer, "with her glossy ringlets loosely bound," moves with the Zephyrs on the airy wing of youth and innocence.

Her summer evening dress may be of a still more gossamer texture; but it may still preserve the same simplicity, though its gracefully-diverging folds may fall like the mantle of Juno, in clustering drapery about her steps. There they should meet the white slipper

"—— of the fairy foot,
Which shines like snow, and falls on earth as
mute."

In this dress, her arms, and part of

her neck and bosom, may be unveiled, but only *part*. The eye of maternal decorum should draw the virgin zone to the limit where modesty would bid it rest.

Where beauty is, ornaments are unnecessary; and where it is not, they are unavailing. But as gems and flowers are handsome in themselves, and when tastefully disposed doubly so, a beautiful young woman, if she chooses to share her empire with the jeweller and the florist, may, not inelegantly, decorate her neck, arms, and head, with a string of pearls and a band of flowers.

Female youth, of airy forms and fair complexions, ought to reject, as too heavy for their style of figure, the use of gems. Their ornaments should hardly ever exceed the natural or imitated flowers of the most delicate tribes. The snow-drop, lily of the valley, violet, primrose, myrtle, Provence rose,—these and their resemblances are embellishments which harmonize with their gaiety and blooming years. The colors of their garments, when not white, should be the most tender shades of green, yellow, pink, blue, and lilac. These, when judiciously selected, or mingled, array the graceful wearer, like another Iris, breathing youth and loveliness.

Should a young woman, of majestic character, inquire for appropriate apparel, she will find it to correspond with her graver and more dignified mien. Her robes should always be long and flowing, and more ample in their folds than those of her gayer sister. Their substance should also be thicker, and of a soberer color. White is becoming to all characters, and not less so to Juno than to Venus; but when colors are to be worn, I recommend to the lady of majestic deportment to choose the fuller shades of yellow, purple, crimson, scarlet, black, and gray. The materials of her dress in summer, cambrics, muslins, sarcenets; in winter, satins, velvets, broadcloth, &c. Her ornaments should be em-

broidery of gold, silver, and precious stones, with fillets and diadems of jewels, and waving plumes.

The materials for the winter dresses of majestic forms, and lightly-graceful ones, may be of nearly similar texture, only differing, when made up, in amplitude and abundance of drape-ry. Satin, Genoa velvet, Indian silks, and kerseymere, may all be fashioned into as becoming an apparel for the slender figure as for the more *embon-point*; and the warmth they afford is highly needful to preserve health during the cold and damps of winter. When the indispensable necessity of keeping the body in a just temperature between heat and cold is so universally acknowledged, I cannot but be astonished at the little attention that is paid to so momentous a subject by the people of this climate. I wonder that a sense of personal comfort, aided by the well-founded conviction that health is the only preservative of beauty, and lengthener of youth, does not impel women to prefer utility before the absurd whims of an unreasonable fashion.

To wear gossamer dresses, with bare necks and naked arms, in a hard frost, has been the mode in this country, and unless a principle is made against it, may be so again, to the utter wretchedness of them, who, so arraying their youth, lay themselves open to the untimely ravages of rheumatism, palsies, consumptions, and death.

While fine taste, as well as fashion, decrees that the beautiful outline of a well-proportioned form shall be seen in the contour of a nicely-adapted dress, the divisions of that dress must be few and simple. But, though the hoop and quilted petticoat are no longer suffered to shroud in hideous obscurity one of the loveliest works in nature, yet all intermediate covering is not to be banished. Modesty on the one hand, and health on the other, still maintain the law of "fold on fold."

SERPENT HUNTING—AN ADVENTURE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

BUSINESS connected rather with pleasure than profit had kept me roaming for some months among the West India islands, that land of magnificence and discomfort, of tyrants and slaves ; and from all that I heard there, and more particularly from what came under my own observation, I can truly affirm that to Europeans in general it is a land replete with novelty and interest, and to writers both of fiction and of truth, a field in which they may reap an abundant harvest of reputation. I at length found myself at Barbadoes, without any fixed resolution either to return or to proceed farther on in my wanderings. In such a wavering and unsettled state of mind, a little matter will sometimes turn the scale. I had carried a letter to a gentleman of the island, with whom I formed a most agreeable acquaintance ; and, in consequence of the description he gave me of the coast of South America, I was induced to form the resolution of visiting at least a part of that country before I should think of bending my course homewards. Being furnished by him with letters to one or two individuals who might be of service to me, I took a passage in a ship bound to Demerara, and after a voyage in no degree remarkable for shortness or novelty, I landed there in safety. I will not stop here to describe all I saw ; suffice it to say, that having viewed all I considered worthy of being noticed, I set off across the country to deliver one of the letters I carried with me to a gentleman from whose attention and knowledge I had been assured I should obtain much information. After a journey of some days I reached the place ; and, considering that I had been previously an utter stranger, I was received with a degree of warmth and kindness I could scarcely have anticipated. The estate, or rather plantation, on which I had been so kindly invited to take up my residence for

some time, and where I had resolved to spend a few weeks in examining the local scenery and curiosities, lay upon the banks of a river that comes down from the mountains of Guiana. Mr. Heinvault (the proprietor) although the superintendence of his estate occupied a great part of his time, contrived to devote no inconsiderable portion of it to my amusement. Accompanied by a couple of servants, and Cæsar, a shrewd and active negro who held the post of *hunter* (a personage not only useful, but even necessary to those who reside on colonial estates distant from any town, as many of the delicacies of the table are furnished by him), we made frequent excursions up the country, and committed occasionally sad havoc among the quadrupeds and feathered tribes with which that region abounds. At other times we manned a couple of canoes, and descending the river, we employed ourselves in fishing excursions, or in taking a shot at such birds as unfortunately for themselves came within range of our pieces. Those who are acquainted with the general appearance and topography of the northern coast of South America, know well that from the flatness of the country as it approaches the sea, many rivers of considerable magnitude divide themselves into numerous streams or canals before mingling their waters with those of the ocean. The deltas or islands formed by these streams are sometimes of great extent, consisting, like most of that coast, of marshy or savannah land, partly bare, and partly overrun by tall reeds and canes, or other aquatic plants. In the thick and almost impervious recesses of these, reptiles of various kinds often find a retreat, from which they occasionally emerge in search of their prey. The streams are in many places frequented by aquatic birds of the most variegated and beautiful plumage, and the waters afford seve-

ral kinds of fish, which from their delicacy and flavor amply repay the labor employed in taking them.

I had been informed both by Mr. Heinvault and Cæsar, that serpents of a great size had been frequently seen by them crossing the lagunes from one island to another, and that by great exertion, and not without difficulty, they had succeeded in destroying a few. I confess I had been for some time anxious to discover one of these reptiles; not that I wished a close connection with it—far from it. The little I had seen of them had given me an aversion to them, and this feeling was much heightened by the numerous stories I had heard of their fearful powers of destruction and deglutition. I had no objections, however, to view one at a distance, “dragging its slow trembling length along.” But in all our excursions nothing of this kind was to be seen, and I had begun to conceive some latent suspicions that Mr. Heinvault and Cæsar had a little exaggerated the number and size of the reptiles they had seen and destroyed. But an adventure soon after this befell me, which made me entirely change my opinion of their veracity, and convinced me that their account rather fell short of, than exceeded the truth. Occasionally when pressing business detained Mr. Heinvault at his plantation, or called him to a distance, and when I found time hang heavy on my hands, Cæsar was always willing to volunteer his services as my guide and assistant in any rambles which I wished to undertake; and a clever and active fellow I indeed found him. He was a capital shot, and unequalled in the success with which he contrived to hook his fish when not one would look at the bait belonging to another.

One day about two or three weeks after my arrival, Mr. Heinvault informed me that he was under the necessity of going to a plantation distant about ten miles, and as the way lay partly through the woods and trackless savannahs, he was obliged to take Cæsar with him, he being the only

one on the estate who had a thorough knowledge of the way, and who, from his dexterity and address, proved a useful and agreeable attendant. He added that he should be back early in the afternoon, and that if I wished to take a stroll, or go on the water, any of the rest of his people should be at my disposal. After Mr. Heinvault had rode away, I strolled about the plantation an hour or two, looking at everything to amuse myself: but getting terribly wearied with doing nothing, I told one of the people to get the lines ready, for it was my intention to go out a-fishing for some time, the day being rather warm and sultry for enjoying a shooting excursion. These being soon ready, I sent likewise for my gun, and declining the offer he made to attend me, I pushed out into the stream, and dropped slowly down the river. The current being very slow, I was a while in reaching the place where the river branches off into a number of streams. I guided my canoe into one of those in which I had formerly been along with Cæsar, and where our sport had been very good. The stream was not, in general, above eighteen or twenty feet wide. I “paddled my light canoe” up and down this, trying to get a shot at some of the beautiful birds which often frequent these lagunes. But the birds were scarce and shy. Perhaps my aim was not as steady as usual, and having expended all my ammunition to a single shot, I succeeded in killing only one bird of the flamingo species. Fatigued with this unsuccessful sport, I set the lines, and paddling about for some time, I drew them up; but whether they had not been baited as well as Cæsar used to do it, or whether the fish were as shy as the birds, I cannot tell; but after a few trials I got tired of this sport likewise. Thinking I should be more successful elsewhere, I proceeded about a quarter of a mile farther down, and set the lines. By this time the day had become exceedingly sultry and oppressive. Seeing there was no prospect of a shot, I took off my

stockings and shoes, and bathed my feet in the water, and working my canoe to the other side, I laid my gun ready loaded for a shot upon the banches, and stretched myself along side of it, waiting till it was time to draw the lines which I had set. In this position I fell asleep, overcome, as I suppose, by the heat of the day and the fatigue I had undergone. I know not how long I may have slept; but I was roused from my slumber by a curious sensation, as if some animal were licking my foot. In that state of half stupor felt after immediately awaking from sleep, I cast my eyes downward, and never till my dying day shall I forget the thrill of horror that passed through my frame on perceiving the neck and head of a monstrous serpent covering my foot with saliva, preparatory, as immediately flashed upon my mind, to commencing the process of swallowing it. I had faced death in many shapes—on the ocean—on the battle-field; but never till that moment had I conceived he could approach me in a guise so terrible. For a moment, and but a moment, I was fascinated. But recollection of my state soon came to my aid, and I quickly withdrew my foot from the monster, which was all the while glaring upon me with its basilisk eyes; and at the same moment I instinctively grasped my gun, which was lying loaded beside me. The reptile, apparently disturbed by my motion (I conceive it had previously, from my inertness, taken me for a dead carcass), drew its head below the level of the canoe. I had just sufficient time to raise myself half up, pointing the muzzle of my piece in the direction of the serpent, when its neck and head again appeared moving backwards and forwards, as if in search of the object it had lost. The muzzle of my gun was within a yard or two of it; my finger was on the trigger; I fired, and it received the shot in its head. Rearing up part of its body into the air with a horrible hiss, which made my blood run cold—and, by its contortions, displaying to my sight

great part of its enormous bulk, which had hitherto escaped my notice—it seemed ready to throw itself upon me, and to embrace me in its monstrous coils. Dropping my gun, by a single stroke of the paddles I made the canoe shoot up the stream out of his reach. Just as I was escaping, I could observe that the shot had taken effect, for blood was beginning to drop from its head. But the wound appeared rather to have enraged than subdued him. Unfortunately, as I have said, all my shot was expended, otherwise I would most certainly, at a respectable distance, have given him a salutation of the same kind as I had just bestowed. All that I have described passed in a much shorter time than I have taken up in recounting it. As I went up the stream with all the velocity I could impart to the canoe, I heard the reeds, among which the animal was apparently taking refuge, crashing under its weight. I never once thought of the lines I had left; but hurrying as fast as the canoe would go through the water, I was not long in reaching the landing-place below Mr. Heinvault's house. Hastily mooring the canoe, I jumped ashore, and hurried up to the house, where I found Mr. Heinvault, who had just arrived. You may be certain I lost no time in communicating to him the almost miraculous escape I had made, and the wound I had inflicted on the animal. "In that case," said he, it cannot escape; we must immediately go in search of it;" and instantly summoning Caesar, he told him to get the guns ready, and to bring two of his fellows with him. "If you choose to assist us in finishing the adventure you have begun, and to have a second encounter with your novel antagonist, we shall show you some of the best and most dangerous sport our country affords." I protested that nothing was farther from my intention than staying behind, and added, that had not my shot been expended, we should not have parted on so easy terms. "In general," said he, "it is very dangerous to attack them at

close quarters after being wounded, as they become extremely infuriated ; and there are not wanting instances in which life has been sacrificed by doing so.

"There was a poor fellow on the estate of a friend of mine, who, when he was accompanying his master and some friends in hunting, happened to fall in suddenly with a large boa, and discharged the gun he carried at it. Thinking he had disabled or mortally wounded it, he went up to despatch it ; but the animal recovering from the shock, seized him, threw him down, and enveloped him in its coils. His fearful cries summoned the others to his aid ; but by the time they came up he was so completely in its power, that there was no chance of escape. To have fired with any effect was impossible, without in all probability injuring the man more than the animal. To have approached and endeavored to extricate him would have only exposed some of them to the danger of incurring the fate from which they wished to snatch him. But the fact is," he added, "before they came up he was far gone, and all they witnessed was the conclusion of the scene. However, they succeeded, after some trouble, in destroying the reptile.

"Don't let this story frighten you," said he, laughing, "for we take such precaution in approaching them, that it is next to impossible that any accident can happen." Just as he finished saying this, Cæsar reappeared, himself armed with a club, one of those who followed him carrying a weapon of the same kind ; while the other was armed with a weapon similar to a bill-hook. This Mr. Heinvault told me was to clear a road among the reeds if the animal should have retreated among them ; the clubs being reckoned the best instrument for a close encounter. We were soon seated in the canoes, and gliding down the stream as fast as a couple of pairs of brawny arms could urge us. In a short time we reached the spot where my adventure had happened. The small part of the bank not covered

with reeds bore, from its sanguine hue, evident proof that the wound the animal had received could not have been slight. Exactly opposite this the reeds were crushed and broken, and a sort of passage was formed among them so wide that a man could with little difficulty enter. Mr. Heinvault commanded a halt, to see that the arms were in proper order. All being right, we listened attentively, in order to hear if there was any noise which might direct us to our enemy. No sound, however, was heard. One of the negroes entered first, clearing with his bill-hook whatever obstructed our way. He was followed by Mr. Heinvault and me, with our guns ; while Cæsar and his fellow-servant brought up the rear. The reeds were in general nearly double our height, and at the same time pretty close. However, we easily made our way through them, partly assisted by the track which the serpent had evidently made.

We had penetrated I should suppose about thirty yards when the fellow who was in advance gave the alarm that we were close upon the animal. Mr. Heinvault ordered him behind, and advancing along with me, we saw through the reeds part of the body of the monster coiled up, and part of it stretched out ; but owing to their thickness, its head was invisible. Disturbed, and apparently irritated by our approach, it appeared from its movements about to turn and assail us. We had our guns ready, and just as we caught a glimpse of its head we fired, both of us almost at the same moment. From the obstruction of the reeds, all our shot could not have taken effect, but what did take effect seemed to be sufficient ; for it fell, hissing, and rolling itself into a variety of contortions. Even yet it was dangerous to approach it : but Cæsar, who seemed to possess a great deal of coolness and audacity, motioning his master and me not to fire again in the direction of the animal, forced a way through the reeds at one side, and making a kind of cir-

cuit, came in before it, and succeeded in hitting it a violent blow, which completely stunned it; and a few repetitions of this gave us the victory. We could now examine the creature with safety. We found that a good part of our shot had lodged about its head and neck, and would probably have proved fatal to it even if we had left it to its fate. I confess it was not without a shudder that I handled and examined it, when I thought how nearly I had escaped from furnishing it with a meal.

We set ourselves to work, and not without difficulty did we succeed in dragging the huge carcase to the edge of the stream, and in embarking it in one of the canoes, to which it formed a pretty fair lading. It was not far from sunset when the expedition landed on the bank near Mr. Heinvault's house. He soon got sufficient assistance in conveying the carcase up, and in depositing it in a place of safety. On measuring it, we found it to be nearly forty feet in length, and of proportional thickness. Mr. Heinvault informed me that it was the largest he had seen killed, although he had often seen others under circumstances which

convinced him that they must have been of a far greater size.

It was not until I was seated at a late dinner that I felt myself a little overcome with the unusual exertion I had undergone on so sultry and oppressive a day. But as the evening wore on, I completely recovered; and never do I recollect spending a more agreeable one. The consequences of *our*, I had almost said *my* success, and the pleasure arising from the escape I had made, no doubt contributed to the elevation of spirits I then enjoyed.

The adventure, however, and the consciousness of my escape, must have been deeply impressed upon my mind; for, during some months after, I often started from my sleep with the cold sweat upon my brow, imagining myself crushed and expiring in the embraces of a horrid reptile. Nothing can give so adequate an idea of the feelings I then experienced, as some of those terrible dreams recorded in the Confessions of an Opium Eater. But this even at length passed away, and left nothing but the bare recollection of the danger I had undergone, and a grateful feeling toward that providence under whose direction I was saved from so terrible a fate.

THE FURLOUGH.—AN IRISH ANECDOTE.

In the autumn of 1825 some private affairs called me into the sister kingdom; and as I did not travel, like Polyphemus, with my eye out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, amongst which was the following incident:—

I was standing one morning at the window of "mine Inn," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a solitary outside passenger, a fine young fellow, in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart; and they

were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the coach.

"Come down wid ye, 'Thady"—the speaker was the old woman—"come down now to your ould mother; sure it's flog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I giv ye. Come down, Thady, darlin'!"

"It's honor, mother," was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth, he took a stiffer posture on the coach.

"Thady, come down—come down, ye fool of the world—come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last; and the answer was more promptly and stern-

ly pronounced: "It's honor, brother!" and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof.

"O Thady, come down! sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye! Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down then!" The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before.

"It's honor, honor bright, Kathleen!" and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer.

"Come down, Thady, honey!—Thady, ye fool, come down!—O Thady, come down to me!"

"It's honor, mother!—It's honor, brother!—Honor bright, my own Kathleen!"

Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home, on furlough, to visit his family, —and having exceeded, as he thought,

the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired?

"The first of March, your honor—bad luck to it of all the black days in the world—and here it is, come sudden on me, like a shot!"

"The first of March!—why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare then—the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is Leap Year, and February has twenty-nine days."

The soldier was thunder-struck.—"Twenty-nine days is it?—you're sartin of that same! Oh, mother, mother!—the devil fly away wid yere ould almanack—a base cratur of a book, to be deceaven one, afther living so long in the family of us!"

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap with a loud hurrah! His second was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen; and the third was to wring my hand off in acknowledgment.

"It's a happy man I am, your honor, for my word's saved, and all by your honor's manes. Long life to your honor for the same! May ye live a long hundred—and lape-years every one of them."

MEXICAN DWARF.

If children at an early age are now free of the fetters of tight swaddling clothes, they are indebted for this to the remonstrance of the philosophers. The physicians, it is true, had long labored to introduce this reform; but, although they were the only competent judges in such a question, no attention was paid to their advice. In vain did they show how these ligatures, by stopping the course of the blood, became the source of a multitude of diseases. In spite of their enumerations, things were allowed to go on as before. The philosophers took another method: they addressed themselves not only to the affection of parents, but also to their vanity. They

said little about diseases, but much about the deformities which the use of ligatures might cause. Look at the savages, said they, how vigorous and active they are! Not a dwarf, a distorted person, or a humpback is to be seen among them. All this is just because in infancy they are not bound in swaddling bands, which necessarily prevent the development of the limbs. It was believed, that on renouncing these unlucky bandages, we should have a race of Apollos and Herculeses. It required time to show the fallacy of this opinion, and then happily the habit was irrevocably changed.

We owe a debt of gratitude to those who brought about so important

a reform; but we must allow that they obtained it by very feeble reasons, and that, for example, they were not in the least acquainted with those savages which they proposed as models. These men, said they, are all well formed, because they are not tightly swaddled in childhood. This proposition was false in two ways. 1st, Because several of the American tribes to which they made allusion use such ligatures. 2dly, Because the races which do not follow this custom are yet not exempt from deformities. I have myself frequently observed them in the great plains of the Orinooko, among people who remain naked from the moment of their birth to that of their death. I have seen many, I say, and I am persuaded that many more would be met with were infancy and childhood cared for in those countries as they are among us. The sickly infant, which with them dies in a few months, with us often attains adult age, or even the longest period of human existence. It is absurd to adduce these unfortunate beings as a proof of the evils of the social state. I would myself mention them as a proof of the contrary. Popé is a conquest of civilization.

The savages of North America are certainly neither less vigorous nor less well formed than those of South America. Yet, in many of their tribes, not only are infants enveloped with bandages, but they are tightly bound down to a piece of board or of birch bark. West, in the beautiful painting in which he represents William Penn bargaining with the Indians for the site of his new city, has shown us an infant thus treated, and his picture agrees in all points with the description of the missionaries.

The philosophers spoke to us of the strength of those *children of nature*. It is now well known, in consequence of trials made with the dynamometer, as well as in other ways, that the superiority in strength is always and decidedly on the side of civilization.

In countries where subsistence is so difficult to be procured that man re-

quires to put forth all his powers, the infant of the savage which is born in a weakly state is in a measure condemned to death; but the case is different in countries where the ground supplies abundant food, and in those where the progress of civilization favors the development of those affectionate feelings which bind together the members of a family. Among all the American nations which are in either of the two last-mentioned states, there have always been found, not only slightly deformed individuals, but even true pignies. To assert the contrary, would be to give the lie to history, which shows us, that in the new continent, as in the old, during the middle ages, the great had always in their train some of these unfortunate beings for the purpose of diverting them. When the Spaniards conquered the empire of Montezuma, they found dwarfs in the palace of that prince, as in that of the Grand Signior.

A few months ago I saw at Paris a Mexican dwarf, who, at the age of seventeen, was only twenty-seven and a half inches in height. She was born of a mother of pure Indian race, in the province of Zacatecas, on the estate de *l'Espiritu Santo*, the property of Donna Josepha Z—o, and came to France in the train of that lady, whom she served as lady's maid. She laced her, dressed her hair, took care of her linen, and moreover executed with great adroitness all kinds of sewing. In the space of a few months, she learned from the domestics of the hotel enough of French to understand what was said to her, and even to make her wants known. In conversation she had much volubility, and even possessed considerable humor. Yet her capacity did not seem to me superior to that of a child eight years old. Her head was of the size of that of a girl of three years which I placed beside her; her features were no way disagreeable, but were strongly marked with the American character. Her arms and hands were well formed, as were

the foot and leg. The haunches were a little broad, which made her waddle in walking, although she could run with ease. It was wished that she should learn to read, but this occupa-

tion was disagreeable to her, and she found means of making her escape from it by feigning migrums and toothaches whenever she saw the book getting ready for her.

THE GATHERER.

"Excursive let my wandering footsteps stray,
And bear the *harvest* of reflection home."

ORIGIN OF THE DOMESTIC CAT.

NATURALISTS are sadly puzzled about the origin of some of our domestic animals. Nobody doubts that the hog is derived from the wild boar, the common duck from the mallard, the pigeon from the rock-dove; but the dog and the cat have so many wild cousins, that one hardly knows who their progenitors were. With respect to the cat, we maintain that if the wild cat of Europe, the *Felis catus* of naturalists, be not the stock from which it has been derived, no other wild cat has yet been pointed out that has so great an affinity to it. In the first place, the wild cat has representatives among the domestic species, which could hardly, in external appearance, be distinguished from it. We engage to get a tame tom-cat that no zoologists on this side the channel could distinguish from a wild tom-cat from the Braes of Balquhider. But let it also be remarked, that certain, and in fact most tame cats, differ greatly in color, and in a less degree in form, from the wild cat. Secondly, the internal structure of both animals is perfectly similar. The skull itself exhibits hardly any differences, and none equalling those presented by the skulls of the hog and wild boar, or the mallard and duck. The manners of both are radically the same. In fact, we have known instances of tame cats, especially males, betaking themselves to the hills in spring, and living like wild cats, until the advance of winter reminded them of the parlor fire, by which they were wont to doze so soundly. The wild cat, compared with the tame, is larger, longer, and lankier;

is possessed of more agility, and is apparently superior in strength. Now, all these qualities are just what it ought to have, excepting, say the fire-side philosophers, the superior size. Well, this we shall get over too. Domestic animals are generally larger than their wild progenitors. The rule is not correctly stated. It ought to have been: Domestic animals, whose natural food can be furnished by man in greater abundance than they could procure in the wild state, are always larger than wild animals of the same species. For this reason hogs and ducks grow to a larger size than wild boars and mallards. What is the natural food of the cat? The flesh, warm and palpitating, of birds and small quadrupeds. Our domestic cats hardly ever obtain a morsel of such food. Instead of flesh, they generally live upon farinaceous vegetables, and other substances having no affinity to their natural food—porridge, bread, cheese, milk, potatoes, soups, &c. Under such treatment, right reasonably might poor puss be expected to degenerate. Instead of a ferocious devil, with great glaring eyes, a shaggy hide, and monstrous claws, ready to spring at a moment's warning in the face of any lubberly biped that may chance to come in its way, it has been converted into a generally peaceable domestic, fond of the fire-side, given to dozing and purring, and exercising its ingenuity in the capture of the few miserable mice that venture to creep out of their retreats behind the plaster. But, say the men of the pen, the wild cat's tail is long and large, as thick at the end as at the root, and

truncated. Nay, it is not so. The tails are precisely the same; as the one tapers, so tapers the other: the only difference lies in the hair, which is longer on the wild cat's tail, as on every other part of its body. And so it ought to be. An animal, nursed in the kitchen or stable, may have its bristles brief, without detriment. But one that has to encounter the blasts of the north on a frozen hill-side, from November to April, needs a good covering. Depend upon it, things are just as they should be. The wild cat that worried Fingal's dog in the Braes of Lochaber, was undoubtedly the progenitor of the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

LORD BYRON'S INFANCY.

That, as a child, his temper was violent, or rather sullenly passionate, is certain. Even when in petticoats he showed the same uncontrollable spirit with his nurse, which he afterwards exhibited, when an author, with his critics. Being angrily reprimanded by her, one day, for having soiled or torn a new frock in which he had been just dressed, he got into one of his "silent rages" (as he himself has described them), seized the frock with both his hands, rent it from top to bottom, and stood in sullen stillness, setting his censurer and her wrath at defiance. But, notwithstanding this, and other such unruly outbreaks—in which he was but too much encouraged by the example of his mother, who frequently, it is said, proceeded to the same extremities with her caps, gowns, &c.—there was in his disposition, as appears from the concurrent testimony of nurses, tutors, and all who were employed about him, a mixture of affectionate sweetness and playfulness, by which it was impossible not to be attached; and which rendered him then, as in his riper years, easily manageable by those who loved and understood him sufficiently to be at once gentle and firm enough for the task.—*Moore's Life of Byron.*

BYRON'S FIRST POETRY.

It was about this period (1798), according to his nurse, May Gray, that the first symptom of any tendency towards rhyming showed itself in him; and the occasion which she represented as having given rise to this childish effort was as follows. An elderly lady, who was in the habit of visiting his mother, had made use of some expressions that very much affronted him; and these slights, his nurse said, he generally resented violently and implacably. The old lady had some curious notions respecting the soul, which, she imagined, took its flight to the moon after death, as a preliminary essay before it proceeded further. One day, after a repetition, it is supposed, of her original insult to the boy, he appeared before his nurse in a violent rage. "Well, my little hero," she asked, "what's the matter with you now?" Upon which the child answered, that "this old woman had put him in a most terrible passion—that he could not bear the sight of her," &c. &c.; and then broke out into the following doggerel, which he repeated over and over, as if delighted with the vent he had found for his rage:—

"In Nottingham county there lives at Swan
Green

As curst an old lady as ever was seen;
And when she does die, which I hope will be
soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon."

It is possible that these rhymes may have been caught up at second-hand; and he himself, as will presently be seen, dated his "first dash into poetry," as he calls it, a year later; but the anecdote altogether, as containing some early dawnings of character, appeared to me worth preserving.—*Id.*

PROCESS FOR PRESERVING MILK FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME.

This process, invented by a Russian chemist named Kirkoff, consists in evaporating new milk by a very gentle fire, and very slowly, until it is reduced to a dry powder. This powder is to be kept in bottles carefully stopped. When it is to be employed,

it is only necessary to dissolve the powder in a sufficient quantity of water. According to M. Kirkoff, the milk does not lose by this process any of its peculiar flavor.

CYPRUS WINE.

To eighty pints of water add ten pints of the juice of elder berries. The berries are to be lightly pressed: each pint of the liquid will contain three ounces of juice, and to the whole quantity add two ounces of ginger and one ounce of cloves. Boil the whole for an hour. Skim the liquid and pour it into a vessel which should contain the whole, throwing in a pound and a half of bruised grapes, which leave in the liquor until the wine is of a fine color. This wine bears such a resemblance in color, flavor, and aroma, to the best Cyprus wine, that the most experienced Parisian connoisseurs have been deceived by it.

CLEANLINESS OF BEES.

Among other virtues possessed by bees, cleanliness is one of the most marked; they will not suffer the least filth in their abode. It sometimes happens that an ill-advised slug or ignorant snail chooses to enter the hive, and has even the audacity to walk over the comb; the presumptuous and foul intruder is quickly killed, but its gigantic carcase is not so speedily removed. Unable to transport the corpse out of their dwelling, and fearing "the noxious smells" arising from corruption, the bees adopt an efficacious mode of protecting themselves; they embalm their offensive enemy, by covering him over with propolis; both Maraldi and Reaumur have seen this. The latter observed that a snail had entered a hive, and fixed itself to the glass side, just as it does against walls, until the rain shall invite it to thrust out its head beyond its shell. The bees, it seemed, did not like the interloper, and not being able to penetrate the shell with their sting, took a hint from the snail itself, and instead of covering it all over with propolis, the cunning economists fixed it

immovably, by cementing merely the edge of the orifice of the shell to the glass with this resin, and thus it became a prisoner for life, for rain cannot dissolve this cement, as it does that which the insect itself uses.

EARLY NOTICE OF THE USE OF TEA BY THE CHINESE.

The Arabian traveller, Wahab, who visited China in the ninth century, speaking of the revenues of the empire, says, "The Emperor reserves to himself the revenues arising from the salt-mines, and from a certain herb which the people drank with hot water, and of which such quantities were sold in all cities, as produced enormous sums. This shrub, called tah by the Chinese, was more bushy than the pomegranate-tree, and of a more agreeable perfume. The people poured boiling water on the leaf of the tah, and drank the decoction, which was thought to be efficacious in curing all sorts of diseases."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Moore's Life of Byron.—This work, the first volume of which has just issued from the press, is said to be very impartially written. The author has avoided personal feelings as much as possible, and made the noble poet, as far as letters and other documents would allow him, tell his own story. Whenever Mr. Moore has, of necessity, alluded to his lordship's contemporaries, he has, we understand, endeavored to do so without any of those literary prejudices that would seem to be provoked by the subject. If this report be correct,—and from the extracts in the London journals taken from the first volume we think it is,—the work will be a valuable commentary upon the imperfect and contradictory testimony respecting Lord Byron which has been hitherto laid before the public.

A new edition of the Rev. Mr. Croly's *Poetical Works*, in two volumes, is in the press.

Nearly ready, Captain Moorsom's *Letters from Nova Scotia*, containing *Sketches of a Young Country*.

List of New Books.—Lander's *Records of Clapperton's Expedition*—Country Curate, by the author of "the Subaltern"—Major's *Phœnix of Euripides*—Literary Blue-Book—St. George's *History of England*—Batty's *Cities*, No. I.

The *History of Maritime and Inland Discovery*. Vol. I. *Cabinet Cyclopædia* Vol. II.

